


College
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Into every Berea memory
goes the music of the chimes
that will ring for us each day.

THE CHIMES

PUBLISHED AT BEREA COLLEGE
BEREA, KENTUCKY

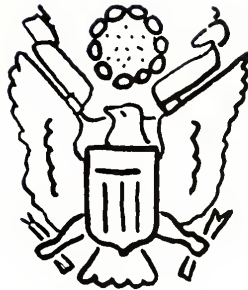
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Off to west, south, north, and east . . .
Soldiers, sailors, and marines . . .

Berea College Collegiate dept. Senior
class
Chimes.



WE SAW YOU GO IN 1942, '43, '44, KNOWING FULL WELL
THAT ONLY A FEW WOULD BE NEAR ENOUGH TO SHARE COMMENCEMENT HONORS.

BEHIND YOU ARE BERA, CLASSMATES, AND YOUR PLACES WHICH
WE CANNOT FILL.

AHEAD OF YOU, DETERMINED EFFORT, HOPES AND DREAMS FOR THE
FUTURE.

WE WHO ARE HERE MOVE THROUGH OUR DAYS A LITTLE MORE EARNESTLY . . .
A LITTLE MORE SERIOUSLY . . . KNOWING THAT YOUR HOURS AND DAYS AND
MONTHS ARE PUNCTUATED BY LONGING AND A DEEP CONVICTION.

WE, YOUR CLASSMATES, SALUTE YOU, AND TO YOU WE DEDICATE OUR BOOK.



Family portrait . . .
Ann, President Hutchins, Mrs. Hutchins, William, Didi.

Guiding the growth of Berea is the Cabinet. The Administration, aware of Berea's history and thoughtful of her future, directs the day-by-day achievements that build our school.

Sitting: Julia Allen, Dean of Upper Division Women; Katharine True, Dean of Lower Division Women; Grace Wright, Dean of Foundation School Women; Adelaide Gundlach, Registrar.

Standing: Albert Weidler, Dean of Labor; Louis Smith, Dean of Upper Division Men; Francis S. Hutchins, President of Berea College; Charles Shutt, Dean of Lower Division Men; Roy Walters, Dean of Foundation School Men.





At the head . . .

Upper Division . . .

Julia Allen
Dean of Women

Louis Smith
Dean of Men



Lower Division . . .

Katharine True
Dean of Women

Charles N. Shutt
Dean of Men



Foundation School . . .

Grace Wright
Dean of Women

Roy N. Walters
Dean of Men

Profs and Bereans . . . every one. Newcomers hailed . . . old
synonymous with names. Liberal Arts . . . Mr. Oglesby's

From the math department, which
provides navigation for sailors
and astronomy for romantic
civilians . . .

Donald W. Pugsley
William R. Hutcherson
Gilbert Roberts



Lenore Lytle
Lona Lee Turner
Valentina Potor



Theodore Wright
H. D. Schultz, industrial arts



Clara B. Rice
Mary Emily Sinclair



timers missed. Lectures . . . conferences, words, haunts,
third floor domain . . . Mrs. Peck sailing across campus to



Holding the keys to the wonders of science . . .

Physics . . .

Herbert Fenn
Eugene Lukacs
Elizobeth C. Lukacs
Waldemor Noll
V. D. Roberts



Chemistry . . .

Henry B. Refo
Julian H. Capps



Wilbur G. Burroughs, geol.
Herschel Hull, biology
John S. Bangson, biology



The department of physical education
for health and fun . . .

Minnie Maude Macaulay,
Smythie Alford, Kote Forbes,
Paul B. Dyck

Draper . . . Mr. Wager, the man with the open overcoat and
pay-up and Dean Smith, alias, the "old maestro" acting in

Heading the College Hospital staff . . .

Dr. John Armstrong
Dr. Ruby Helen Paine
Dr. Harry Taylor



The sociology department watches society tick . . .

J. Wesley Hotcher
Helen H. Dingman
Francis H. Smith



At the dairy barn or the garden the department of agriculture puts its learning to use . . .

Benton Fielder
Wilmot Corter



Claude Spillman
Feaster Wolford
Howard Monier



Sunday "open house." Lincoln Hall with grade sheets, the line of duty. Presser, personified by Jamie, Miss



The psychology department with testing apparatus for mental gymnastics . . .

Susana Reynolds
Randolph Sailer



Sounds and symphonies from the music department . . .

Margaret Allen
Mrs. J. W. Sattler



Gladys Jameson
Doris Vercoe
Celia Kysela
Jean Vercoe Mulligan



The Department of Philosophy and Religion that knows how to wonder why we are . . .

J. Clayton Feaver
W. Gordon Ross
Ira J. Martin

Kysela and the Vercoes making music for and with us. The wide world to see." Phelps Stokes dominated by the Ser-

The fine and practical arts of living
discovered by the art department . . .

Margaret Balzer
Harriet Gill
Mary Ela



And the home economics department . . .

Laverne Parks
Agnes Aspnes
Eunice True
Ruth Woods



Jacqueline Sparling
Sarah Jane Hunter



Marie Irwin
Harriett Howard



Art Building and the Ela personality helping us "our own
vice flag. Navy in majority at Science Hall . . . Dr. Bangson



Teaching the world in languages . . .
French and German, Spanish,
and Latin . . .

Charles E. Pauck
Minnie Ledford



Charlotte P. Ludlum
Margaret Chapin
Elizabeth Richardson



Dorothy M. Harvey
Elisabeth Peck, social
studies



The Department of History and Pol-
itical Science knows governments,
new and old . . .

Orrin L. Keener
E. Taylor Parks
Lee F. Crippen
Roscoe Oglesby

interspersing lectures with Blondie and Dagwood stories,
dinner parties and teas . . . dances at Woods Penn. Faculty

Putting ideas into words for lit. or
comp. or dramatics . . .

Willis Wager
Emily Ann Smith
Ernest J. Weekes
Earl W. Blank



From the education department
come teachers for tomorrow . . .

Albert J. Chidester
Luther M. Ambrose



The efficiency of economics put into
practice . . .

Clarence C. Dawson
Esther Beck
William E. Newbolt



Rector Hardin
Albert G. Weidler



Mr. Capps mixing "crudd and trash." Emory having
and students tracing similar patterns through the



From the English department to classes
in speaking and writing . . .

Moureen Faulkner

Emma Reeverts

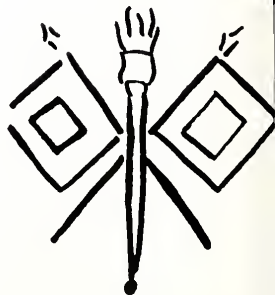
Hattie E. Stowe

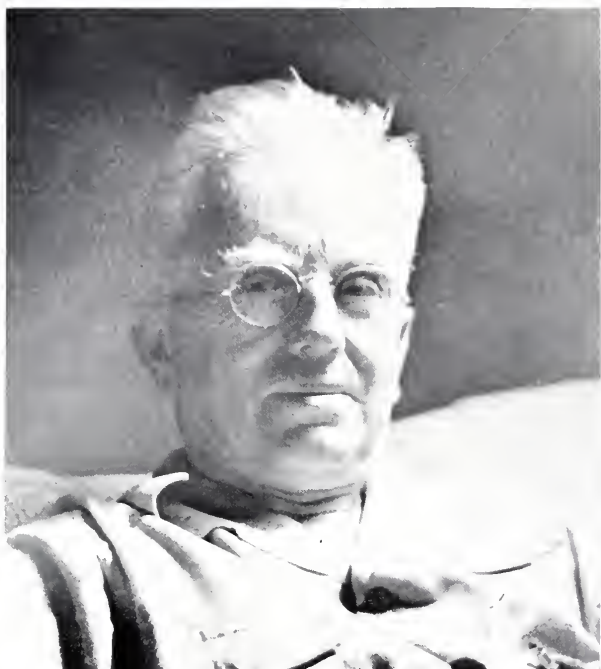


Jerome W. Hughes

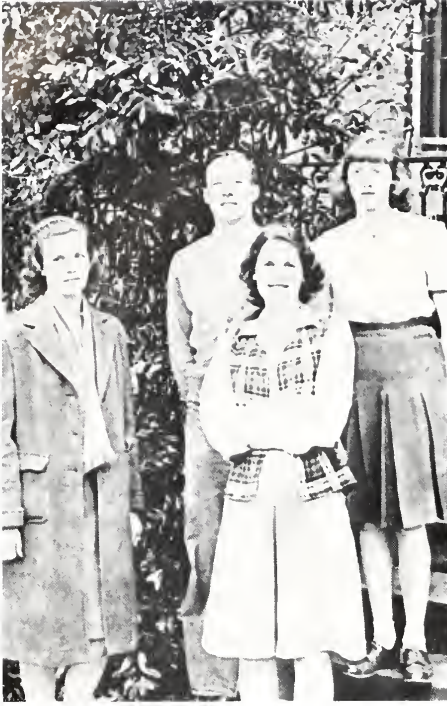
John W. Sattler

campus days. Feeling the war? Of course . . . but intent
on Berea's present and hopeful about the time beyond

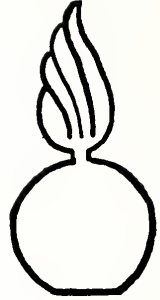




Mr. Herbert Fenn was a well-loved member of our Berea faculty from 1928 to December, 1944.



Margaret Jessup, vice-president; Esther Voldola, president; Eugene Stollings, treasurer; Audrey Singleton, secretary.



Fulfilled . . . the four year's desire to be a college senior! Four, even three years ago seniors were dignified, well-adjusted people

who held important positions on the campus, ate upstairs in Boarding Hall, knew all the peculiarities and characteristics



November '44 Graduates . . .

Don W. Singleton
Westminster, S.C.
A.B., Biology

Betty Jean King
Kingsport, Tenn.
A.B., Chemistry

Jesse Shelton
Gate City, Va.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Science

Juanita C. New
Denny, Ky.
A.B., Biology

Delmas Pennington
Ashland, Ky.
A.B., Chemistry

Effie Brown
Richmond, Ky.
A.B., Sociology

of all the professors, made grades without doing much serious work, and strolled leisurely about the campus as



Clifford Eugene Stollings
Low Gap, W. Va.
A.B., Philosophy

Virginia Begley Legare
Berea, Ky.
A.B., Psychology

Erma Eloise Vance
Bristol, Va.
A.B., English

Evelyn Givens
Akron, O.
B.S., Home Economics

Mobel June Brice
Pineville, Ky.
A.B., English

Annie Queen
Conton, N. C.
A.B., Sociology

others dashed madly to chapel . . . seniorhood was something we hoped to attain but felt a little doubtful of reaching . . . at



Frederick William Kirsch
Berea, Ky.
B.S., Agriculture

Pauline M. Pigman
Wayland, Ky.
A.B., Home Economics

Carolyn Keener
Berea, Ky.
A.B., Sociology

Ellabeth Morgan
Plant City, Fla.
A.B., Philosophy and Religion

Mary Guffey
Jamestown, Ky.
B.S., Home Economics

Lillian Abney
Renfro Valley, Ky.
A.B., Psychology

times . . . especially some times. Now that we have reached our senior year, actual experience is different from distant ob-



Sally Jeanette Ford
Elkhorn City, Ky.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Science

Lucille Holmes
Highland, Ohio
B.S., Home Economics

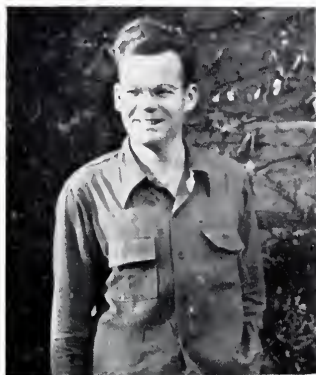
Pogie Eversole
London, Ky.
A.B., Chemistry

Virgie Amanda Mahaffey
Melvin Hill, N. C.
A.B., Education

Jeannie H. James
Simpsonville, S. C.
B.S., Home Economics

Margaret Callison
East Rainelle, W. Va.
A.B., Chemistry

servations. Disappointed? . . . not much. Who wants to be dignified when it's still safe to be scatterbrained? Term papers, well . . .



Louis A. McCord
Tuscumbia, Ala.
A.B., Philosophy

Juanita Elizabeth Hatten
Kenova, W. Va.
A.B., Psychology

Karen Lee Taylor
Knoxville, Tenn.
A.B., Chemistry

Luella Price
Sand Springs, Ky.
A.B., English

Gladys Kinley Blackburn
Greer, S. C.
A.B., English

Audrey Lowe Singleton
Emmalena, Ky.
A.B., Chemistry

who wants to cheat himself out of doing something constructive?
Where, oh where is that anticipated leisure time? It isn't here . . .



Louise Young
Rainelle, W. Va.
A.B., English



Marguerite Imrie
Cameroun, West Africa
A.B., Violin



Susan Cochran
Miami, Fla.
A.B., Philosophy

Frances Zicofoose
Asbury, W. Va.
A.B., Sociology

Margoret Ruth Low
Romney, W. Va.
A.B., Home Economics

Imogene Thomas
Bergoo, W. Va.
A.B., English

the seniors of past generations must have taken it with 'em
 . . . Even though we have been in Berea four years, we haven't



Morgoret Armbrister
 Max Meadows, Va.
 B.S., Home Economics

Mary N. Mitchell
 Cawood, Ky.
 A.B., French

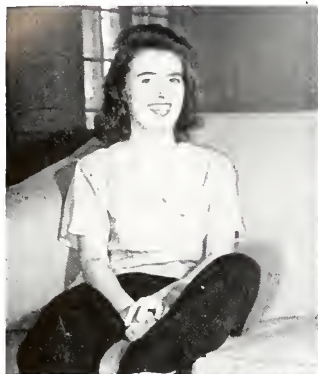
Marian R. Campbell
 Middlesboro, Ky.
 A.B., Music

Modine M. Kitchens
 Hayesville, N. C.
 A.B., Biology

Wini Rodgers
 Waynesville, N. C.
 A.B., Biology

Mary Allen Wager
 Heflin, Ala.
 A.B., Economics

developed the art of foretelling when a pop quiz is coming, especially in Feaver's or Weekes's class. Keeping in mind



Naomi Chafin
Logan, W. Va.
A.B., Home Economics

Dorothy Alene Lambert
Boone, Ky.
A.B., Sociology

M. Margerilla Branham
Prestonsburg, Ky.
A.B., Economics

Eulene Sherman
Lynch, Ky.
B.S., Home Economics

Helen Monson
Lake Alfred, Fla.
A.B., Psychology

Jessie G. Bishop
Teges, Ky.
A.B., English

the thought that wisdom is humble because he knows no more,
we can list a few bits of information which we have accum-



Eloise Sparks
Janesville, N. C.
A.B., Economics



Margaret L. Jessup
Stuttgart, Ark.
A.B., Biology



Margaret DeBruhl
Asheville, N. C.
B.S., Home Economics



Mary Elizabeth Beaty
Forest City, N. C.
A.B., Psychology



Anno Lee Sykes Mullins
Clintwood, Va.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Science



Muriel Vae Shutt
Berea, Ky.
A.B., Chemistry

ulated . . . this list is not compiled with the idea of answering satisfactorily the casual, but critical question . . . What did



Leah Judith Leibowitz
Bronx, N. Y.
A.B., Philosophy

G. Esther Vodola
Stratford, Conn.
A.B., Philosophy

Esther Wertheimer
Long Beach, N. Y.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Science

Maryanna Shupe
Berea, Ky.
B.S., Home Economics

Melvin A. Cassady
Petersburg, W. Va.
A.B., Biology

Eula Mae Turner
Talbert, Ky.
A.B., Home Economics

you learn in college? . . . one cannot too often indulge in the luxury of sleeping through too many first period classes . . .



Inez Wallace
Woodville, Ala.
B.S., Home Economics

Sara Esther Slusher
Portland, Ore.
A.B., Psychology

Argie Afton Miller
Prichard, W. Va.
A.B., Art

Margaret Allison
Louellen, Ky.
A.B., Music

Alice Elizabeth Goodell
Kearneysville, W. Va.
B.S., Home Economics

Frances Evans
Ashland, Ky.
A.B., History

they just can't be snoozed at . . . sailors are like all other men, only different . . . college composition courses were never



Kathleen Rowe
Mt. Vernon, Ky.
A.B., Music

Lauretta Head
Mars Hill, N. C.
B.S., Home Economics

Zuria Mae Farmer
Rugby, Va.
A.B., Sociology

Bette Jean Allison
Asheville, N. C.
B.S., Home Economics

Marie Charles Highfiel
Clinchport, Va.
A.B., English

Libby Zane Alexander
Stony Point, N. C.
A.B., Education

intended to produce Pulitzer prize winners nor would Arthur Murray feel at ease in beginners' dancing class . . . occupational



Jennie A. Westlake
East Rainelle, W. Va.
A.B., Music

Elizabeth Stafford
Trigg, Va.
A.B., Education

Ruth A. Wesley
Lynch, Ky.
A.B., Economics

Dora Nan Peace
Williamsburg, Ky.
A.B., French

Sara Nell Dill
Coroleen, N. C.
A.B., Education

Novella Fuller
Swannanoa, N. C.
A.B., Sociology

conferences provide us some ideas . . . have you filled out your application? . . . forget to worry in the moonlight on Twin Moun-



Louise Cady
Alton, Ill.
A.B., Economics

Virginia Skeens Coleman
Cleveland, Va.
A.B., English

Lillian England
Weaverville, N. C.
A.B., French

Jacquelin Aiken
Asheville, N. C.
B.S., Home Economics

Wilmo Pigman Elkins
Allock, Ky.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Science

Alice Jean Fulk
Boyard, W. Va.
B.S., Home Economics

tain . . . second period breakfasts at the Hangout keep the College in business and us broke, but we'll have a double order of toast,



Frieda Lena Papenhagen
New Bremen, O.
A.B., Music

Helen Meak Smith
Forest City, N. C.
B.S., Home Economics

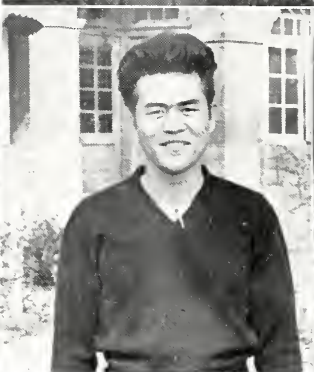
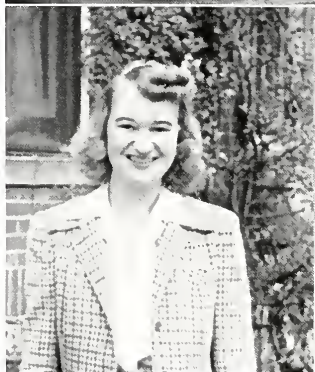
Miriam Louise Brandenburg
Berea, Ky.
A.B., English

Hazel Sewell
Jamestown, Tenn.
A.B., Chemistry

Yvonne Covilli
Detroit, Mich.
A.B., English

Mary Beth McCluer
Jacksonville, Ala.
A.B., English

thank you . . . short Mountain Days are fun . . . anonymous chapel cards don't count . . . music sounds best on Sunday afternoon.



Buena Bailey
Burnsville, N. C.
A.B., French

Ellis Mays
Crystal, Ky.
A.B., Education

Lillian Salisbury
Printer, Ky.
A.B., English

Anne Winifred Coates
Banco, Va.
B.S., Home Economics

Sho Oniki
Omaha, Neb.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Science

Pollyann Brumley
Afton, Tenn.
A.B., Hist. and Pol. Science

We can be flippant or sincere, for we've learned that the love of mankind (accent on the first syllable) is great; uncrowded



M. Ellen Ayers
Twila, Ky.
A.B., Home Economics

Gladys Chadwell
Baoneville, Ky.
A.B., Education

Mary Frances Nunley
Muncie, Ind.
A.B., English

Claribel B. Buchanan
Crossville, Tenn.
A.B., Home Economics

Eloise Thompson Pratt
Catlettsburg, Ky.
A.B., Art

Jean Vandiver
Burlington, W. Va.
A.B., Home Economics



Mary Virginia Bates
Lexington, N.C.
A.B., Economics



Paul Williamson
Pikeville, Ky.
A.B., Philosophy and Religion



Ola Fern Goode
Rutherford, N.C.
A.B., French

trees grow straight, and war is a difficult way to peace.
What are nurses made of? Starch and efficiency . . .

Elsie Eileen Stafford
Berea, Ky.

Emmo E. McCann
Ashland, Ky.

Mabra Frazier
Langley, Ky.





Tenna Hill
Bean Station, Tenn.

Bertha L. Inman
Williamsburg, Ky.

Ruth Crawford
Monroe, Tenn.

Emma G. Woodward
St. Albans, W. Va.

Shirley B. Shelton
Limestone, Tenn.

Ruth Collins
Diano, W. Va.

cleanness and white aprons, cheerfulness and hospital odors. Seniors cramming for "State Boards." Shall we work for



Junior Nurses . . .

**Mary Sue Hillman, Elise Hicks, Sarah Harr, Fanny Martin,
Dorothy Russell, Mary Ruth Mills, Alice Kempf, Frances Digby,
Lois Covington.**



Sophomore Nurses . . .

**Miss Gibson, Louise Tyree, Helen Martin, Lucille Haigler, Margaret
Browning, Frances Cassata, Gloria Pfalzer, Miss Wylie, Lenore Judy,
Alberta Fleck, Merle Matheson, Madeline King, Virginia King,
Norma Lykins, Lucile Covington.**

the Army or the Navy? At home or overseas? Always needed.
On duty in Cincy and Louisville and Berea . . . campus patients



Freshmen Nurses . . .

Mary Virginia Lecky, Margery Page, Betty Elkins Howell, Elwanda Dalton, Gertrude Saylor, Vivian Cottle, Gertrude Godwin, Miss Wylie, instructors; June Hux, Elayne Waters.



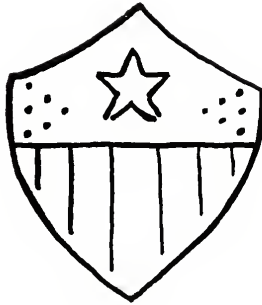
demanding jokes, chewing six a.m. thermometers, hoping for a glimpse of the Navy doctor . . . First year nurses longing for caps. Chart the changes . . . temperature market up or down? Explain to physical examees . . . angel robes don't come in sizes . . . no one would eat apples to keep us away.



Service men at home with civilians . . . the military and the collegiate . . . coy is as coy looks . . . monkey tricks.



Leon Wesley, vice-president; Charles Haywood, president;
Geneva Matlock, treasurer; Aileen Lewis, secretary.



Juniors . . .

We never thought we'd live to see the day when we
wouldn't have to tramp in slush and rain to the Commons;
when we'd have to make up our minds once and for all about that



Elyna Eller, Chester Newsome,
Hilda Carter, Ruth Ferrill, Lucy
Gains, Mary Helen Adkins, Leon
Wesley, Cara Godby, Charles
Snyder.



Jan Rose Cotton, Wilma Jean
Harris, Brigitte Auerbach, Edith
Kiser, Alma Smith, Rosemary
Porter, Helen Davis, Mary Eliz-
abeth Jones, Jimmie Ruth Burton.

Miriam Eller, Evalee Williams,
June Lane, Marie Lay, Constance
Roberts, Katie Brawn, Alda Ruth
Morris, Leila May Smith.



major! Last year's freshmen in all our classes . . . this accelerated

Pansy Morton, Beulah Harper,
Alto Whitt, Norma York, Dixon
Bailey, Dorothy Wheeler, Fannie
Wilder, James O'Dell.



Florence Begley, Bobbie Hillman,
Ruth Slusher, Margaret Hansel,
Christine La Fon, Marian
Bronum, Pauline Sloane, Nina
Lee Sprinkle.



Agnes Ratcliff, Margaret Ann
Graham, Elizabeth Fearing,
Tharon Musser, Joyce Hardin,
Ozella Hurst, Ruth Schell.

program makes time fly! Remember the philo course that was



Kathleen Jett, Nancy King, Rosemary Wetzel, Margaret Lois Bassett, Aileen Lewis, Eula Kathleen Roberts, Evelyn Hibbard, Rosebelle Elkins.



Lenora Hoernlein, Velda Holder, Mary Virginia Balden, Geraldine Lucas, Betty Jo Rankin, Margaret Duncan, Opalee Janet Smith, Helen P. Fuhrmann, Florence Elam.

Marian Nassau, Mary Elizabeth Pierce, William Norton, Zenobia Hope, Ruth Salisbury, Billa Jean Peters, Mary Virginia Bell, Ruby Sasser.

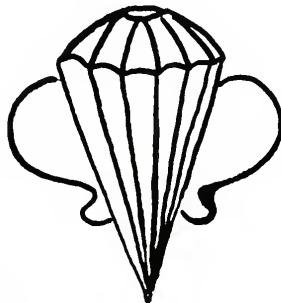


so hard . . . the realization that sooner or later we'd have to spend



Ormand Williams, Helen Forlaine, Olga Smith, Virginia Henderson, Patricia Williams, Anna Lee Wills, Rebekah Horton, Forrest Williams.

eight weeks in Country Home . . . and do our practice teaching. And do we feel proud when the freshmen say in an envious way, 'Gee! Upper Division!' Makes us know it won't be long . . .





Jack Buchanan, vice-president; Aline Goodwin, treasurer; Helen Pulver, secretary; Oscar Davidson, president.



Sophomores . . . trembling on the brink of UD . . .
 About this time we become anarchists and change our majors
 from English to poly sci . . . math isn't so hard after we've spent

Gretka Young, Nancy Hess,
Dorothy Tredennick, Pauline
Swanson, Sue O'Daniel, Sally
Shimanaka, Elinor Zipf, Ruth
Mary Little, Mary Stylos, Ruth
Stephens, Dorothy Medich, Aline
Goodwin.



Hattie Sorah, Mary Stevens, Le-
nore Gabbard, Eleanor Denison,
Elizabeth Swingle, Cleda Pen-
nington, Lela Watson, Maggie
Puckett, Helen Carrithers, Elea-
nor Ann Easton, Joan Rowe,
Frances Bradshaw, Dorothy Ison,
Anita Pearson, Kathryn Carpen-
ter, Kate Warmack, Melba
McCommack.



Mildred Beverly, Fay Penley,
Christine Jones, Margaret Susong,
Betty Holbert, Maxine Jennings,
Juanita Breeding, Fannie Litton,
Frances Barkley, Louise Proffitt,
Emogene Maney, Irene Baker,
Juanita Hughes, Helen Nicholas.





Katherine Cordier, Helen Armbrister, Hilda Rhea, Annis Dadd, Margery Murphy, Virginia Grandmontagne, Lucille Crumpler, Gayle Asher, Roberta Messer, Doris Neal, Irene Pigman, Virginia McCoy, Elizabeth Cardier, Peggy Hicks, Eloise Oliver, LaWanda Curtis.



Fritz Watson, Samuel Hurst, Jack Adams, Lillian Davis, Kenneth Bayes, Betty Lou Powers, Eugene Tolson, Zella Wager, Jay Cooper, Jane Threlkeld, Nancy Testerman, Frances Smith, Sam Scruggs, Orrin Taulbee, Frances Sturgell.



Beulah Davis, Maxine Loy, Mary Stafford, Nancye McGuire, Daphne Miller, Edna Stafford, Margaret Ketchersid, Faye Stewart, Joe Haven, Reuben Hunter, Fay Campbell, Frank Seta, Bernice Clark.

been on this old ball for almost two decades . . . time to think



Harriet Hoffman, Betty Imrie, Colette Rieben, Garnetta Shannon; Juanita Noland, Anita Grant, Nina Clark, Lorraine Salyer, Sarah Talbot, June Stanley, Scharlene Oney, Mabel Wright, Evelyn Dillow, Ella Martin, Barbara Parnell.



Rena DeHart, Edith York, Eleanor Knotts, Eileen Barnawell, Harry Bailey, Helen Pulver, Kendrick Smith, John Hibbard, Ruth Steinberg, Lela Taylor, Ruth Shuler, Gladys Fetzer, Margaret Gabbard, Roberta Lake, Ruth Burnett, Elva Martin, Della Miller.



Allene Garrett, Elizabeth Crumbley, Mary Ellen Ayer, Thelma Coleman, Jean Clark, Mary Lou Keener, Betty Lou Patrick, Frances Finnell, Oscar Davidson, Esther Spence, Jack Benjamin, Elizabeth Fogle, Kenneth Perkins, Matt Bullins, Peggy Hicks.

about grandchildren . . . go to T.P.'s and drown our sorrows in coke.



DeKern Long, vice-president; Ann W. Hensley, treasurer; Betty Jo Horton, secretary; Eugene Parr, president.



Just going through the first week as a freshman class is enough to prepare us for a career on the stage . . . facing new teachers and students, not to mention those creatures

June Settle, Joan Shoma, Lavel Combs, Lorraine Brawn, Josephine Muncy, Sue Kilbourne, Hilda Lane, Alma Tankersley, Reva McMillian, Berta Holt, Dahlia Sexton, Marian Van Winkle, Catherine Cavalier, Eunice Van Winkle.



Joe Henderson, Tonita Booher, Kathyne Faris, Ray Davenport, Dean Lambert, Lana Hardin, Kenneth Poteat, Herbert Beckler, Clarence Sweet, Ethel Cantrell, Hugh Lawing, Robert Fisher, Daman Helton, Robert Robinson, Carolyn Hassell, Mary Lou Smith, Doris Messer, Dorothy Hart, Anne Hayes, Sammye Sturdivant, Noreen Smith.



Doris Speck, Bert Johnson, Joan Riddlehoaver, Anne Hensley, Lillian McCoun, Eleanor M. Hunt, Ruth Smith, Wilma Horton, Joanne Turner, Helen Smith, Mary Abodeely, June Barnes, Ilene Stanley, Lida Caudill, Bonnie Evans, Myrtle Barrett.



called dish girls, and the checker the first two times we



Ramona Layne, Margaret Lake, E'fredia Adams, D. C. Martin, Jane Bishop, Harold Reynolds, Winifred Bird, Fay Layne, Josephine Hampton, Doris Howard, Anna Rathje, Margaret Sue Ferrington, Marvette Davis, Clinton Ramey, Marian Haynes.



Alonzo Moore, James Hines, James Dickerson, James McCracken, Dorothy Thompson, Kenneth Bayes, Merle Stanley, Lucretia Blankenship, Patricia Mason, Patricia Finn, Nannie Brooks, Ruth Black.



Jacqueline Hutton, Dora Lou Campbell, Arletta Hogan, Joyce Lockhart, Virginia Strickland, Pauline Oliver, Helen Dellinger, Oma Burns, Dorothy Branham, George Stewart, Ida May Hogshhead, Cecilia Stalnaker, Patty Michael, Betty Lou Chandler, Janice Wells, Helen Triplett.

forgot to sign in. There's the art of trying to find a seat

Harriet Nicely, Lois Rowe, Fern Cawood, Margaret Davis, Lois Speer, Betty Ammons, Betty Jean Morgan, Margaret Southard, Artie England, Eleanor Hall, Dorothy Davis, Georgia Roberts, Opal Phillips, Marietta Purkey, Hilda Baldock.



Nancy Furry, Anna Johnson, Gustava French, Miriam Mann, Helene Allman, William Gray, Wanda Eskew, Celestine Huskins, Billie Sue Davis, James Hall, Frank Gibson, Eugene Culbertson, Thomas Finney, Thomas McGlone, Harry Dodd, Jack Hale, Herbert Tuck, Ervin Connelly, Dana Harlow.



Virginia Brown, Jenny Fitzpatrick, Betty Elkins Howell, Jeanne Hardy, Dorothy York, Charlotte Johnson, Dorothy Carter, Ina Dean Carrington, Morgan Wing, Thelma Baker, Ohlen Wilson, Minerva Back, Jeanette Austin, Mary Frances French, Virginia Coates.



at meals, learning about chapel tickets, light cuts, and the



DeKern Lang, Reedus Back, Steele Mattingly, Oneal Jones, Eugene Parr, Robert Gammon, Jose Rubio-Lopez, Charles Hill, Barbara Gaddard, Irene Metcalf, Thelma Baker, Alberta Thomas, Jane Hill, Helen Cawood, Margaret McLean, Betty Vinson, Frances Edwards.

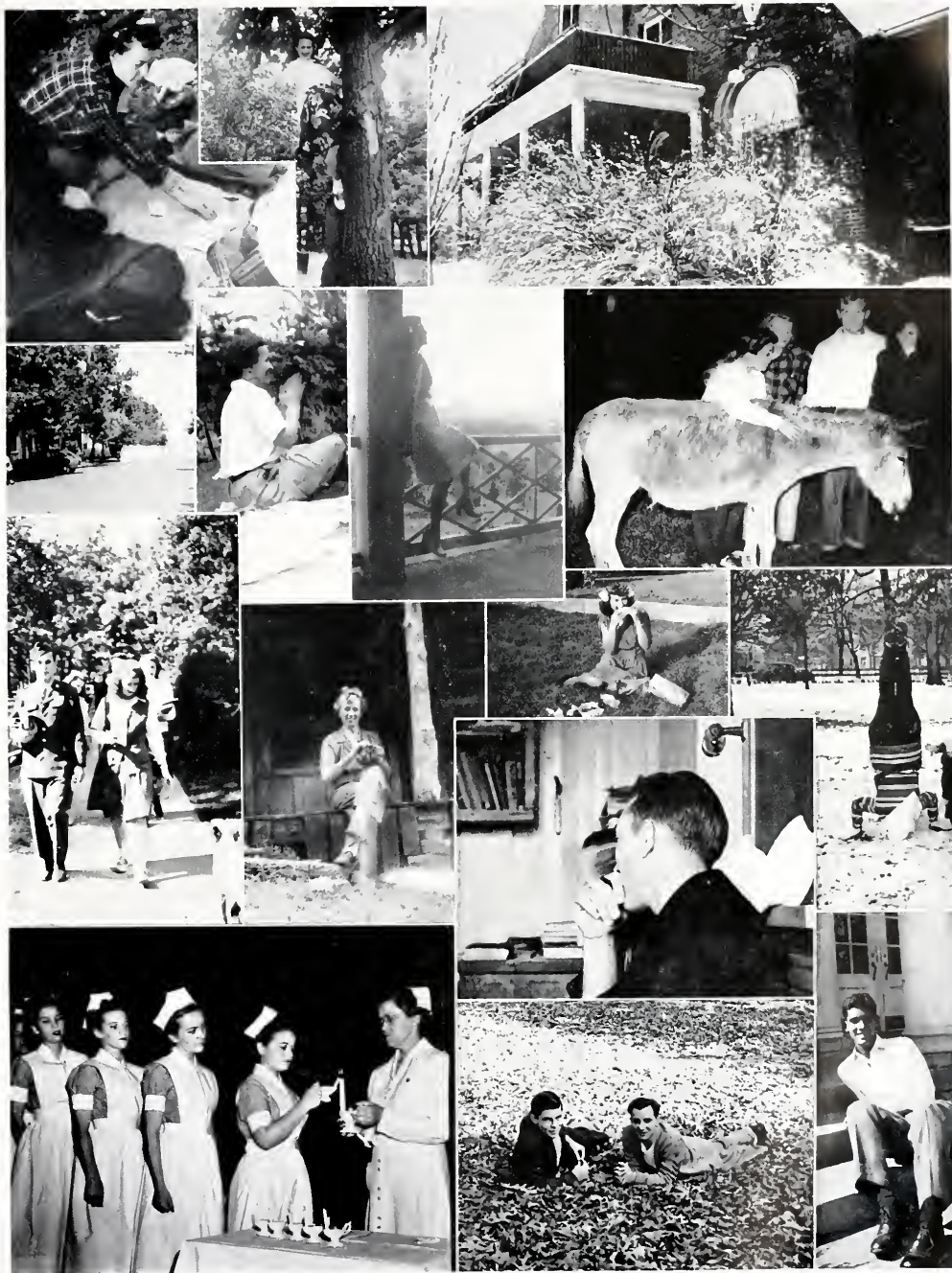


Virginia Kearns, Joanne Bridges, Kathryn Abels, Elsie Coffey, Hilda Karlson, Lilburn Goode, Curtis Rader, Clinton Clay, Margaret Frye, Elizabeth Broadbooks, Rhodora Hahn, Audrey Cooley, Marjorie Moss, Fay Counts, Elizabeth Watts, Ann Conrad.



Kathleen Beverly, Irene Robbins, Nina Ruth Shell, Doris Swingle, Mary Frances Shafer, Ola Massey, Betty Pierce, Clara Lackhart, Mildred Norris, Silvia Sewell, Jean Smith, Betty Ann Hixson, Margaret Myers, Alice Franklin.

little movie house where we CAN go. We can sit back next year.



Cards on college time? Dignity outside a freshman dorm . . . how to judge a donkey . . . serious nurses?



Harry Kilbourne, president; Sarah Ann Hutcherson, secretary; Genevieve Graham, treasurer; John Welsh, vice-president.

LD Senior Graduates . . . November '44

James Barker . . . shy, handsome, and seriously ambitious to be a doctor . . . famous for his reet-pleat pants.

Patricia Collins . . . quiet . . . holding hands with a sailor, making a picture in blond and blue.

Betty Horton . . . basketball fiend . . . LDO clerk with pixie eyes that glint at the sight of Li'l Abner or Hotshot Charlie.

Ann Jennings . . . that crazy red-head! . . . a sportswoman who plays super tennis but likes tiddly-winks better.

Doris P. Lovelace . . . spent her week ends in Louisville . . . if domestic duties don't interfere, she'll be a doctor.

G. C. Miller . . . eats his Wheaties every Morning in order to keep his "sweater boy physique" . . . and Clark Goble ears.

Jeanette Mullins . . . a Virginia blond who found her work in Washington . . . used to guard basketballs.

Carolyn Perkins . . . the little girl with the beautiful voice . . . some day we'll say we knew her when.

Anna Jane Poundstone . . . from school to the Marines . . . maybe she can study tropical diseases and botany.

Herbert Shadowen . . . future inventor known as "Cotton" . . . spent most of his time trying to develop a left-handed racquet.



Officers of the Berea Station

The Skipper . . .

Lt. H. R. Dunathon

He "speaks softly and
carries a big stick."

The Exec. . . . Lt. John Kessler

Whatever it is, he can do it
for you—and will, too.

The Doctor . . . Lt. (jg) T. L. Hopple

Efficiency and skill that make
him "tops" with all.



Barnett Williams, Sarah Ann Hutcherson, Burton Kerr, John Welsh, Genevieve Graham, Margaret Churchill, Robert Dodd, Marjorie Keener, Harry Kilbourne, Sheridan Risley.



Mildred Johnson, George Stephens, Linzee Packard, Glenn Shupe, Louise Walters, Charles Keyser, Walter Treadway, Max Gatewood, Guindola Johnson, Ruth Hignite.



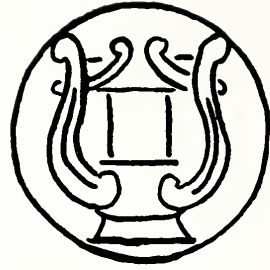
Jo Ann Watson, Mary Barber, Jimmie Mallonee, Louise Wardrep, Ronda Allen, Martha Rogers, Mary Saferight, Elizabeth Huff, Maxine Chadwell, Avenell Rose.



How many miles to . . . ? They'd rather walk . . . can you sleep in Spanish? Presenting Sir Walter Raleigh.



Betty Lou Scott, treasurer; Ernest Muncy, vice-president; Thomas Spillman, president; Jessie Hibbits, secretary.



ELEVENTH GRADE

We got away with murder, mostly of ourselves, of course. We were hep cats that were strictly all reet, we donned long shirts and bobby socks and showed the school what



Lucille Ross, Kathryn Morgan, Hazel Dause, Jeanette Huff, Grace Chambers, Douglas Ramsey, Mary Adams, Taylor White, Minnie Lea Sanders, Reba Trew, Susan Lyon, Jessie Hibbitts.



Richard Parker, Wanda Cole, Clarice Miniard, Edith Day, Ona Lee Jackson, Barbara Allen, Viola Powers, Dorothy Darton, Sue Cooper, Joanne Warinner, Betty Lou Scott.



Ernest Venable, Lewis Ball, Thelma Jackson, Jerald Huff, Gene Burton, Stephen Brown, Cecil Jones, Georgia Baird, Edna Hicks, Bernice Anderson, Bernice Feltner, Logan Shell, Mary Elizabeth Campbell, Mary Bowling.

Boogie was made for . . . it isn't long until all our fun from



Charles Boggs, John Coapman,
David Douglass, Marjarie Day,
Bessie Spurlock, Julia Mills,
Howard Stevens, Violet Baker,
Samuel Horton, Irene Stephens,
Kathleen Scott.



Paul Clarkson, Mary Hurst, Myrl
Skaggs, Thomas Spillman, Lenore
Nall, William Morgan, Helen
May Patrick, Ernest Muncy,
Patricia Muncy, Patricia Dawson,
Raymond Bradbury, Beverly Tay-
lor.

these years will be classed in that part of the memory that goes with the phrase "when we were in high school." But we're having a wonderful time doing it.

And in the beginning . . .



There are classes, but we're going your way . . . another student goes to grass . . . three girls and a president.



She's leaning on a pre-war model . . . the station—a famous first view . . . come swing with me . . . more than one boy.







Betty Anne Swanson, Alison Adams, Helen Hordesty, Joan Hoskins, Margaret Taylor, William Moore, J. Alvin Wilson, Gordon Homes, Dudley Wilson, William Robinson, Earl Woods.



Edward Cook, June Carter, Peggy Ann Johnson, Melba McWilliams, Margaret Bishop, Jean Maltby, Jack Steinberg, Clyde Ramey, Flora Cafield, Minnie Stamper.

Ralph King, Wayne Breazeale. Ernesto Patino, Jerome Crouch, Robert Norsworthy, David Holroyd, Charles Smith, Rudolph Williges.



When we were in high school we showed those teachers that



Glen Keller, CY (T), USNR
He keeps the ship
on its course.



Ross Carter, Sp (A) 3c, USNR
Rugged job-marches
and rope climbs.



**Alvin Sutton,
CSp (A) (T), USNR**
Miami University's
loss . . . our gain.

Gaston Herd, PhM1c, USN
Our favorite
'machinist.'

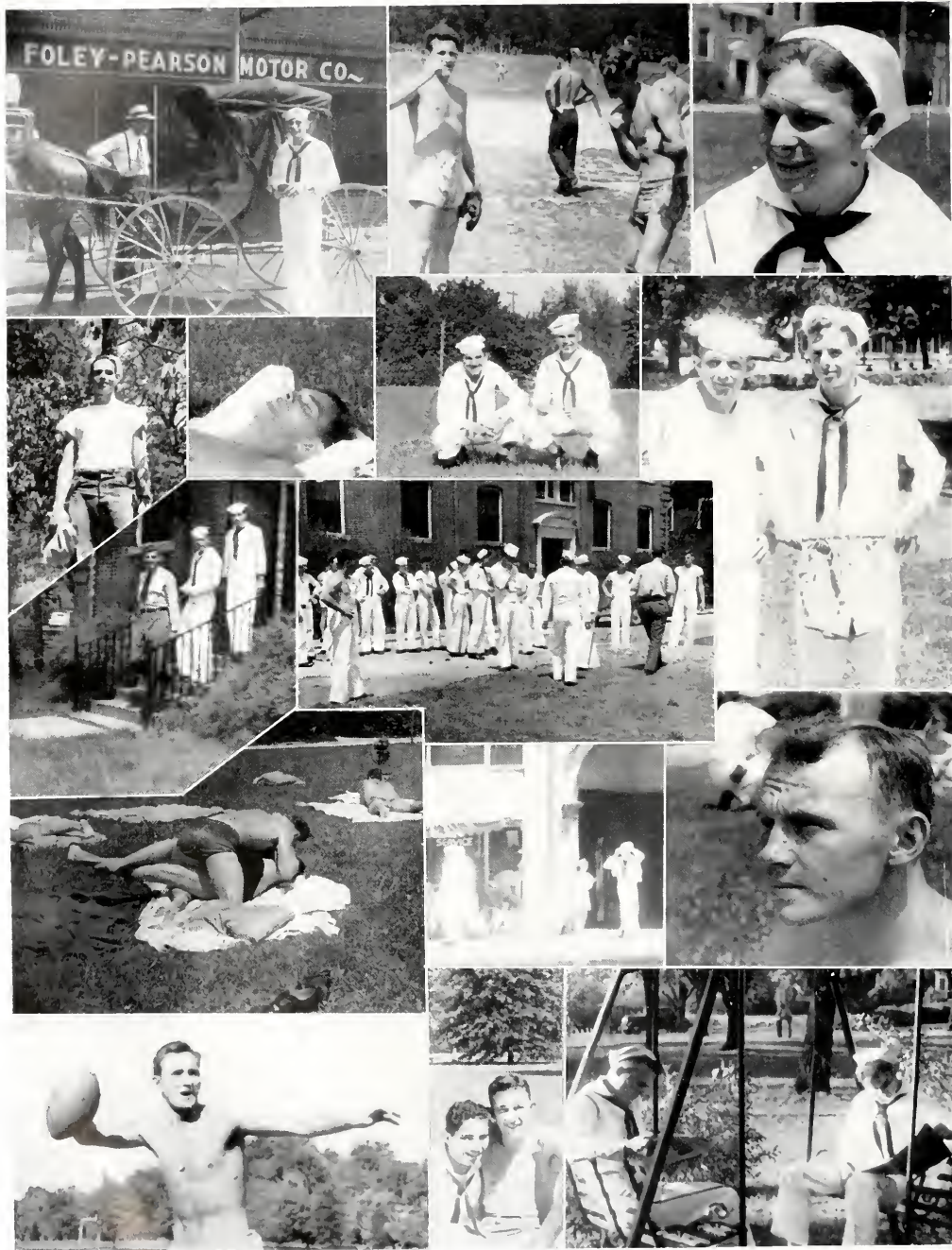


Paul Brazer, SK1c, USNR
"Why I just opened
Small Stores last year."



**Vincent Karetsky,
PhM3c, USNR**
Pill-pusher deluxe . . .
APC's will cure anything.





Lond-locked sailor tries o new ship . . . trumpeter . . . hold that ball . . . hey, gob, worried? . . . we're jes' a'swinging.



Dances and "closed" week-ends go hand-in-hand and make the campus go 'round.



Saturday and Wednesday nights see plenty of these would-be Astaires and Rogers stepping out.



The nucleus of our Saturday nights . . .

A mixture of salts and sand-crabs. Result: smooth rhythm.





From reveille to retreat the blues cross the campus to the

Blue Ridge . . .

W. F. Axton, R. R. Below, D. K. Berry, R. H. Berry, H. J. Beyer, S. S. Boaz, H. H. Boden, H. Bourne, V. D. Bowling, R. W. Brun, P. Broockman, C. R. Bryant, J. E. Burkholder, H. N. Burns, J. R. Caenepell, M. T. Campbell, A. B. Card, E. A. Carmer, C. M. Cave, G. R. Charles, F. Corts, R. I. Cottingham, P. C. Cresto, J. C. Daniel, W. R. Davey, F. L. Dupree, T. M. Dilorenzo, G. W. Edwards, G. H. Eichnor, D. J. Elkins, W. F. Ellis, C. E. Faas, J. F. Fay, B. L. Flanagan, A. G. Ford, R. Forrette, R. G. Frase, C. L. Furey, P. Gray, R. R. Griffith, E. B. Hanna, H. T. Haugh, P. Hays, D. E. Harkins, E. R. Heffner, R. F. Howard, C. L. Humbert, J. E. Hunt, R. J. Hunt, E. Koluch, J. R. Krieg, D. W. Lee, C. R. Lemaster, A. K. Levy, E. D. Lewis, E. F. Lewis, F. L. Linville, L. R. Litsey, B. R. Looten, H. L. Lusk, M. H. Mankosa, R. J. McCarthy, J. G. MacDonald, S. E. McIlvaine, A. L. McKelfresh, R. A. Moore, J. T. Mountain, D. L. Mulvey, W. J. Nolte, W. L. Osmun, W. E. Owen, T. M. Paine, J. R. Parham, E. A. Perry, J. L. Robley, J. L. Sanderson, M. G. Satloff, J. H. Senger, W. T. Scott, R. H. Shipp, E. E. Siman, F. J. Smith, C. W. Steiner, D. H. Stewart, B. B. Stone, H. Stovall, G. W. Sweeney, T. E. Todd, E. P. Travers, R. J. Turley, R. O. Vowles, W. S. Wake, B. H. Walker, J. K. Walker, J. E. Wanland, B. V. Ward, F. I. Watson, P. H. Weyrauch, E. C. Whiteman, R. D. Whitesell, E. H. Wilhemi, C. D. Willett, J. K. Williamson, T. L. Wuerdeman.



A little, but not too much,
of this sort of thing goes a
long, long way.



tune of "Hup, two three, four" or "I'll meet you on the street!"

Cumberland . . .

J. P. Anthony, C. R. Bailey, J. P. Batton, J. P. Bennett Jr., A. F. Boulet Jr., W. W. Bottoms, L. Brazell, D. E. Brewer, F. D. Brown, B. H. Carman, J. T. Collier, P. D. Gallagher, E. H. Gleis, R. F. Glennon, E. S. Golon, M. M. Harris, S. L. Hansen, K. A. Honkanen, A. F. Hoover, G. R. Hughes, W. C. Hughes, C. J. Joiner, C. C. Kelly, L. O. Kimberly, R. F. Kleist, R. J. Knott, H. G. Kurz, C. A. LaFratta, D. A. Lambert, L. P. Lanoux Jr., B. R. Lindsey, G. J. Loewenstein, T. W. Lynne, J. J. Magennis, G. H. Manlove, L. N. Marchal, L. A. McAllister, J. W. McGowan, F. S. Mendel, J. T. Mercer, W. M. Miller, L. W. Mitchell, W. A. Moos, J. A. Moran, J. K. Murphy, G. H. Murray Jr., M. M. Neil, J. F. Nieszal, R. L. Northcutt, D. J. Pepe, C. E. Pierce, G. F. Prieb, H. L. Read, F. Rentschler, A. L. Richardson, A. R. Rivkin, R. G. Robinson, V. P. Rogers, A. F. Roiz, C. C. Rusch, C. J. Savage, R. T. Schiering, G. Schwarz, H. A. Selz, J. D. Sharp, G. R. Shemwell, J. D. Simmons, P. Simon, R. B. Smith, H. G. Snider, A. J. Stanczyk, M. Q. Stopp Jr., M. E. Stark, W. W. Stender, W. Stephenson, R. J. Stradling, C. Strong, G. A. Studer, G. J. Sweeney, T. A. Swope, H. L. Tate, A. R. Temple, F. J. Tierney, C. L. Tillstrom, W. E. Turner, V. C. Vybrial, T. H. Wallace, R. G. Walsh, E. R. Weaver, J. E. White, A. F. Whitney, G. H. Williams, Jr., P. W. Williamson, J. C. Wilson, J. G. Wilson, E. J. Wroten, W. Yarrison, D. E. Yinger, G. M. Zeigler.

Anticipating a big liberty,
visions of the Stop-Over Station
and the Bluegrass (room).





"On the beach and loving it . . . no better duty anywhere this side of Pearl." Another trumpet? The favorite Adams.

On this page in future years
you may wish to doodle.



MINE

Working for the Army Service Forces, mailing two thousand allotment checks a day on a twelve hour shift—having it stare up at you from the eyes of the seventeen year olds who line the walls of the recruiting stations. What about little kids with star-shaped hands, boys who used to wear shorts and eat ice cream cones.

Makes good money and is not working hard.

You hear about a guy like Thoreau, and you ask. Somebody with a Ph.D. tells you that Thoreau never developed a sense of interdependence.

They make life painfully sweet though, the boys who write nice things home no matter how miserably they feel. Send them a package, feeling very proud that it comes to four and three quarters pounds. Assorted nuts in a box, hard candy, cigarettes, sardines, and some Ogden Nash.

I used to squeeze into the tenth jammed bus that came my way at Broad and Market. It takes an English prof to pin you down, offer you twenty five thousand a year and ask you to live, only to have you realize that you are!

Create a form in space, build to the edges of the paper. Why, the whole wonderful surface is yours. It's my life, and they call it Art 122 and make it a four hour course.

It's a relief to get the pins out of your hair, uplifting to be able to draw in an empty stomach on the six o'clock bell.

Someday I'm going to get a clock so I won't have to rely on hearing the Navy "hup two three four, pivot!" down the walk.

I'd like to tell a blatant V-12 that I came here by choice, so he'll never be a martyr in my eyes. He's the type of guy who tells me I'll wander off the straight and narrow if I don't believe in accounting for it all in an after life. And Monday morning he comes in like dissipation on the edge of a padded cell.

How I love to climb mountains, straight up, and how I'd like to jump off too, if I could pick my guts up and put them back.

Borney and I were both in the hospital, afflicted with **the** disease, when the **Wallpaper**, still wet from the mimeo, was delivered to us. Simultaneously we thumped signals on the walls and met in the bathroom. Joe had been stuck with the paper the very last minute, and the results were Joe's way of reminding us.

There's one black bird circling above us, probably a vulture. Nothing could move me out of the sun on the rock of East Pinnacle.

Baked sweet potatoes finished out of the steaming earth and just enough butter to go around! A rainy day out, and you beside a hot fire in Devil's Kitchen.

Dry leaves touched with light snow, looking like Post Toasties, sugar sprinkled.

My kid brother writes me every day—"Hey Ruth, believe it or not . . ." and I do, squeezing the fact from meaninglessness, and making it work! The living of this moment is mine.

—Ruth Steinberg

AND A LITTLE GIRL

They tell me I am a Southerner, and they say the South has the wrong idea about the Negro. Maybe so. Funny, I never thought about it that way when I knew Pete.

Pete was an ambitious Negro, in spite of grotesquely twisted club feet. Peet had a barn. And in the autumn after the fields were mowed, its gloomy loft was stacked full of the square bales of fresh-smelling hay, enough to feed his cows all winter. Pete knew cows don't like to eat hay that has been handled too much, but I was too much of a child to wonder why he let the three of us romp through his loft, climbing over his yellow bales of pungent hay.

I didn't think about Aunt Mattie's being a Negro, either. Heavy, slow-moving, rich, chocolate-brown Mattie. Aunt Mattie lived out a little sand road that wound into the swamps, and had seven boys, all named for Bible characters. She kept us out of trouble by telling us Brer Rabbit stories while she strung beans for dinner. We sat on the floor near her feet,

big feet thrust into clumsy, discarded men's shoes. Once she let us look at the worn lucky dime she kept tied around her neck with a string run through a hole pierced in the center. I knew Mattie was black, but I didn't know what it meant.

I remember a hot white sandy road, my sister and I stooping in the sand drawing pictures with sticks. Between us squatting to teach us how to draw a face was a black girl. She had stopped to watch and had joined us. I didn't think about being careful what to do or say; I only sensed the hot sun beating down on my back, and the delight of warm, clean sand between my bare toes.

Then there was Sam. Sam had a mule, and he did plowing for the man who owned the big peanut field not far from our house. Evenings when the shadows stretched longer across the flat Georgia land, Sam unhitched the plow and led his mule up the road toward home. But when he came to our house, he always stopped and let us ride on his mule to the curve in the road. He'd lift us one at a time until all three of us sat uncertainly on the broad flat back, clinging to the mule and to Sam's supporting black arm. Sometimes he brought us peanuts still on the plant, dirt clinging to the freshly pulled roots. Somehow Sam didn't seem like a Negro; he was just a nice person who let us ride on his mule.

But now I have grown up, and I speak glibly of the "race relations" problem. I am from the South and the South has the wrong attitude toward the Negro. And since I am a Southerner, I must be careful that I don't seem "superior." But it is more than that. Then it was just "Mattie, and Pete, and Sam," and now it is Negroes and Whites. But then I was a child and didn't know.

—Eileen Barnawell

SUBCUTANEOUS

I heard those voices. I was there with the rest of them. When they sang the Hallelujah Chorus, I sang it, too. But to me it had more meaning.

I listened with the rest of them. I was there. No one thought of me as being alive and listening. I was dead; I had died the night before. Yet, I was there. The voices blended. The harmony was perfect. I heard it all.

What is the flesh? A temporary habitat for the soul. I had died, but, near-sighted mortals, my soul had not died. The structure fell, but the spirit was there. Muscles, bones, skin . . . and can they imagine that it is these rotten parts that appreciate the beautiful in life? Is it the optic nerve to the tympanum that swells the heart with inexpressible joy? Can they say that the blind and the deaf sense no joy? Then say that the world belongs to the Hygieias and Achilles and destroy all who are not so. They cannot destroy them! They will succeed in destroying the imperfect body but never the perfect soul. Can they understand that, those worshippers of the tangible and the apparent? They must seek deeper than the flesh. I, who they say am dead can tell them that there is a purer world than the one which they see now. They look at the surface of it as those who fear water look at the surface of the sea. They will be overwhelmed by the beauty that they will find. It will intoxicate them and they will come back to the surface for relief. Then, when they begin to sense the difference of values, they will plunge again. But because they are feeble mortals they will repeatedly rise to the surface and dive again. I rise no longer. I now am part of that beauty that once I recognized but could not understand or properly appreciate . . .

"Glory to God in the Highest!" I heard it. I was there. Those words, the voices that sang them, the music that accompanied them formed a beauty I could feel, not merely hear and see. And as I looked around me in that audience to which I was not visible, I wondered how many skins had been penetrated.

Come with me down, deep, below
And to you I will show
That brilliant world to God
Where men have never trod.

—Frances Lee Cassata

FEAR

It might somehow break the mingled strand
Of half-sure theories that bind and will not
 let me be,
And bridge the gap that cuts me off from ME,
Then could I live at last and understand
The why of life, the way of man.
Yet though I quiver on the sand and fail to
 grasp
Sometimes, a value or a simple truth, 'tis not
My mind which falters, but my heart, for I'm
 afraid
To know more than I do lest mirth should gasp
And die, and my youth too.

—Roberta Lake

QUICKSILVER

I walked idly beside the gardens, carelessly flicking the drowsy heads of dandelions with the slender twig I carried. All my usual driving impatience had left me, and I felt quiet and remote like the blue of an early September sky.

The black rich earth of the garden felt good to me as it crumbled under my feet. Lazily I made my way across the sun-spotted rows. When I came to the trees by the creek, I flung myself down and rolled over on my back.

Before my drowsy, half-closed eyes flitted the avid searching of my years, the desperate, eager craving for the elusive creation of happiness. Thoughts, incoherent and disordered, tumbled over each other in my mind.

I saw the tired set face of my mother as she talked to me; the image of my first roommate in college; John who kissed me first in his vital, urgent way, the row of lilacs along our garden fence. I saw my own hands, grubby with loam, carefully setting out a rosebush for Grandmother, and again, poised and cared for, relaxing on a polished desk.

Then abruptly I thought of Ruth, of her teasing blue eyes, her ugly, ungainly body, and her horribly split lip. I thought of her because I knew she had great wisdom, and her words came to me from an almost unbridgeable distance.

Don't let it bother you, Eager Eyes," she had said, "when you find that happiness does not last. It is a piling up of a multitude of little things until finally you look back upon life and realize that all along you have had happiness."

I looked up absently at the branches, thinking hard and surely. Happiness is the glorious ache of being tired, a clean tiredness; it is sunshine on bare arms and wind on a restless face. It is two people walking hand in hand in silence; the subdued slap of water on hard sand; the deep-toned music of Beethoven.

Happiness is the sleeping quiet of a powerful city; it is rain upon hot streets; the smooth feel of rice running through relaxed fingers; wheat fields, dusty in the sunshine. It is strange familiar people, familiar places, familiar prayers.

Happiness is pain and sorrow; enduring and building; it is the quest of a strong mind for reality in knowledge, frustration and attainment.

It is like moss under rock-rippled water, like the breathlessness of a long-awaited dawn. It is like the wind and willow trees and snow.

It is like smoke curling from a pale beginning to a wisp of intangibility—intangible, but always there.

—Ann Lankford

PATRIOTS

The bus drove up to the front of the small restaurant which also served as a bus station and stopped. Although it was only a few hours after dark, there were no people on the misty streets. Through the fog I could see a cafe sign that alternated red and white and blue. The bright colors reflected in the wetness on the sidewalks.

The bus driver opened the door of the bus and as he stepped onto the ground, a tall, slender soldier and a short, dark woman rushed up to him. The soldier's necktie was untied and hung to one side and his coat was slung open. He steadied himself by holding to the open door. A newspaper protected the head of the woman, who shivered with the cold. She turned to the soldier, "Honey, whar's your pocketbook?"

The soldier reeled a step backwards and murmured, "Hm?"

"Your pocketbook. Have you lost it?" she replied as she rummaged through his pockets.

"I lost all my damn money."

"No, you didn't. I watched you. I didn't let you spend it all for that whiskey," she answered patiently.

The bus driver closed the door of the bus and started toward the door of the bus station. "We don't allow drunks on the busses."

Immediately the soldier perked up. "Did that God-damn son of a bitch say I couldn't ride on his bus?"

The woman patted his shoulder, "That's all right, honey. He'll have to let you on if we got the money." She held up a worn billfold.

"So I'm not good enough to ride on his God-damn bus. Just let him put his filthy foot outside that door. I'll show him who can't ride on his God-damn bus. Some people don't know thar's a war on. If the busses are too good for a soldier to ride on, let the Germans come over hyar and ride on 'em."

The woman agreed, "Some people don't even know thar's a war on."

The bus driver walked out of the bus station and passed the couple without a word.

As we drove off I could hear the soldier, "No, some people don't know thar's a God-damn war on."

—Marie Highfiel

ASHCANS AND ASHES

It was with a feeling of wariness that I first climbed the steep dark stairs. I went back only once, casting a quick glance around to see if there was anyone who knew me, and then side-stepping hastily into the narrow doorway.

Somehow it seemed right that the pool hall should be on a second floor over a small pawn shop and a cheap restaurant. There was a bowling alley there too, but not many people bowled. There were seldom any pin boys, and the alleys were run down and needed varnishing. The pool tables were always filled though, mostly by old men or young boys, some just tall enough to manage a cue.

You'll never believe how I came to such a place. It was like this.

One day I was standing on a corner waiting for the light to change, and I noticed an old fellow who came right across through the red light. When I saw his face I thought I was looking at living death, and on a sudden impulse I chucked my poker date and followed him. That's how I came into the pool hall.

He went slowly up the steps, and when I heard the door open at the top, I followed him. The room I entered had the usual low-hung lights, the usual smoke haze and trash-littered floor. There were two open-front gas burners and one pouchy wood stove. Beside the stove and a little back of it was one of those wire chairs that you see in shoe-shine parlors or sometimes in barber shops.

Well, the old man made straight for that chair and got himself into it. He had his frayed coat collar turned up around his ears and an old bottered hat pulled down to meet it. He was little—never could have been much of a man—and he was so thin that the skin

wrinkled loosely over great hollows in his cheeks and around his eyes. His eyes were like the eyes of a dying dog, looking up at you. He didn't say a word to anybody; he just sat there. I was a little disappointed, for my curiosity had been aroused and I wanted to know who he was.

Well, I hung around for a while, and the old guy just sat there and stared at the men shooting pool with a sort of wistful expression, so I went and had a drink and then got in late on the poker game. The fellows kidded me about being late. Mike looked knowingly at Bill and said, "Yeah, that wolf has been prowling again!" I didn't pay any attention to them.

Now this place I've been talking about was in a rough section of town, and I didn't want talk to get out that I had been hanging around the whore houses there, but the next day for some reason I went back up those narrow steps. There sat the old fellow again, all hunched up in the same chair. I can't tell you how dejected he looked.

I got a shot of whiskey—in those days they kept it in a back room—and drank it off neat. That made me feel good, so I went up to the old man and tried to get him to talk to me. He just looked at me dumbly, and two great tears rolled out of his eyes and down his thin cheeks. As I said, the whiskey was making me feel good, so I thought "Aw, what the hell!" and walked over to get another drink.

The man who ran the place was not a bad sort at all. He had a drink with me, and then he wanted to talk. It was from him that I got the story. "See that little guy over there by the stove?" he asked.

"Sure, I see him. Who the hell is he?"

"Well, he's nobody now, but he used to be one of the best pool players that ever hit this part of the country." We were both ready for a yarn, so we pulled up a couple of chairs by one of the gas burners, and he lighted a cigar. I took out my pipe.

"It was a long time ago," he began. "I was a young shaver just beginning to hang around pool halls and to notice the girls' figures. There was one place everybody went; that was old Dan's pool room.

"He'd had a streak of tough luck, and everyone always said there was a woman mixed up in it. I never knew, but anyway he had lost a lot of money, so he had to open up a tiny place with four tables.

"Dan loved that place. He kept it clean and ran it damned straight. He was always teaching some trick shot, and we kids would stand around with big round eyes and wish to hell we were that good. And like I said, Dan centered everything on that place.

"Then one night a bunch of guys came in led by a big rough fellow. He had a heavy blue-jawed face, coal-black hair, and a tremendous build. He was good-looking in an evil sort of way. I saw Dan start, and an angry red came to his face. Then he got real quiet and went on and set up the tables without a word. The men started shooting, and it was pretty plain they were nobody's fools. There were five of them, and they all played at one table, bank pool it was, with some heavy money bet on the game. They were drinking too and swearing something fierce. Dan never let that go on, but this time he just sat there and his eyes were sullen and hurt.

"The other three tables were being used, and there wasn't much room in the little place, not much space between tables for two to shoot from the side at the same time. The new guys began jostling the old customers, and it didn't set right with one young fellow who played football in high school and was pretty husky. He gave his cigarette an angry flick, and accidentally a spark landed on the hairy wrist of the big fellow who was trying to edge past the eight ball.

"That guy let out a roar like a bull. He turned around, choked his cue up short, and smashed the boy over the head. The kid went out like a light.

"You can see how little Dan is, but he didn't stop him. He gave a hoarse scream of anger and sprang right at the big man, seized him around the throat, and half crying with rage, tried to throttle him. The man still had the cue in his hand. He gave Dan a short, neat

chop right across the temple, and Dan sprawled back over the table with a huge ugly welt under his skin.

"Hell broke loose that night. Someone threw a ball at a light and someone else smashed the others. Everyone was fighting and swearing, and just before everything went dark, I saw Dan's limp body slip to the floor. Then that big guy stepped on Dan's outflung hand with his heel and deliberately ground into it.

"Dan had beautiful, skillful hands, and that made me sick. I was just a kid anyway, and I went off in a corner and upchucked. I could hear the men panting and cursing and the sound of feet running down the stairs, and finally everything was quiet.

"I crept out and struck a match. Dan was still lying on the floor where he had fallen. I went over to him, and man, I tell you I cried like a baby. He had taken a terrific beating. And those hands, those beautiful hands were all broken and marked. His right one lay flung out with a greasy brown coating on it, and beside it was an overturned spittoon.

"That made me sick all over again, but then one of the men came back, and we got Dan to a doctor. He lay on his bed for days not saying a word to anyone, and when he got so he could get about, you could see that he was a little queer."

I remembered then the sad, vacant look old Dan had given me when I tried to get him to talk. I tell you that was a night I'll never forget, sitting there in that dive with two shots of whiskey in me and listening to that strange story! My companion continued.

"Something had happened inside to Dan, not to his guts, although he was pretty bad beat up, but to his spirit. He never went back to his place, and after a while someone gave him some money for it, and he took it and signed a paper to let it go."

I looked over at the chair back of the stove, but Dan had gone. I had gotten my story; so I knocked the ashes from my pipe and went out. I never saw the old guy again, but every now and then when I hear the crack of pool balls I think about him.

—Ann Lankford

SILENCE

Snow was falling thickly over hundreds of square miles. The big flakes dropped from the low-lying clouds with monotonous regularity. Not a breath of wind stirred to disturb their slow, even fall. Over all of this area hung the silence — the silence of utter desolation, blanketing the earth with each falling flake.

In the midst of the muffled whiteness a clump of spruce stood out dark in comparison. Huddled in the shelter of their thick branches was a trapper's one-room cabin, half-covered by the drifted snow. The interior was dimly lit by a log fire whose fretful flames threw flickering and grotesque shadows on the walls and furnishings. The silence within the dark trees seemed to weigh them down as did the snow on their boughs.

On a chair near the table, which occupied the center of the room, sat the hunched-over figure of a man, with his bearded chin resting on his breast and with puddles of water around his booted feet. His rifle leaned against the rough table on which were scattered remnants of a past meal. Through the man's abdomen was the neat hole made by a .30 30 slug. From this wound the blood ran in a steady flow, mingling with the puddles at his feet.

As the hours of night passed, the feeble flames of the fire flickered more often and with them the man's life. His body settled lower in the chair and from outside the silence seeped in with the snow, which was drifting under the door.

The cold silence smothered the light and life out of the fire, until only one baleful coal gleamed sullenly from the shadows. At length, this also faded into the darkness. The snow fell thickly and silently as before, and silence lay over the whole waste of desolation; nothingness stretched away on all sides.

—Jerry Crouch

WANTED

I saw her first at the automatic picture machine . . . a tall, sleek, beautiful girl. Her appearance would never have revealed the time of night. She could have easily passed for an eight-thirty dinner date, but instead, it was three-thirty a.m., and she was waiting for the six o'clock train for Cincinnati.

Her manner revealed a touch of egotism and I was amused when I saw her drop in fifteen cents for a picture, which made the seventh time since I had been leaning against the corner wall watching her. Her smile upon the reception of the shot, was a surprised expression of full satisfaction.

An inner feeling caused me to walk nonchalantly to the bench adjacent to the one in which she had just seated herself. From that location I could see the surety with which she lit her cigarette, and the determined twist she gave the match as she pierced the sand holder with its blazing body. I was amused at her annoyance when she got up and walked the full distance of fifty feet only to find the magazine counter closed. But then I heard a thundering noise overhead, and the train going to Cincinnati had come. In the crowd I lost sight of her . . .

Disregarding my wrinkled blues, I rushed for a taxi when I finally realized I had slept all the way through Indiana and Ohio, and was once more in Union Terminal. Another man was impatiently waiting for the load when I gave the driver my address. I heard a feminine voice, and our third passenger was the brunette beauty!

I wanted to encourage an introduction . . . after the other passenger got out and we were left alone, I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her and tell her all the things I'd been wanting to tell a woman like her for so long. I was saying 'you do'—'you don't'—'you do'—'you don't', and pausing surely on 'you do,' when her left hand came to her face and I saw the plain gold band, which told a story in itself. Then the driver called my number, and I saw the little white house and my wife standing in the doorway, I looked at her, then looked at the lady beside me. Yes, they did look very much alike.

—Argie Afton Miller

SHE PLAYS WELL

To the man who daily pits his skill and faith and cunning against the evil force that controls Europe today, there is neither rest nor peace nor safety—none of the securities which make life worth living to the average person. There is only the gnawing fear that smothers the heart and numbs the brain and makes the drawing of the hat brim across the eye automatic. I have known it for ten years—I shall know it until the last mad lunacy of the Austrian paper-hanger is erased from my beloved Germany.

I had been in Konigsburg, engaged in hampering the movement of military supplies to the Eastern front. My superiors in the underground must have had their eyes on me for some time, for I was aware of the fact that I was given the tasks that required the most skill and daring. So I was not especially surprised when, in one of the shipments of music we used for the transmission of messages, I found orders to report to a certain address in Cherbourg, France, by the last day of November.

"Herr Field Marshall Karl Von Bockmann," said my superior in Cherbourg, "is one of the Boche's most efficient defense experts. He holds the Iron Cross for his brilliant tactics at Kharkov against the advancing Russians last winter. For that reason, the General Staff has placed him in command of enemy fortifications in this area, in preparation for the Second Front rumored for next spring."

"Your order, and your privilege, is to kill that man. Hardly any single action could forward our cause more. I warn you, of course, that it will not be easy. Herr Hitler does not risk men like Von Bockmann. They are too precious. You will find the Gestapo at every

turn. waiting, lurking, forever the evil shadow within the shadows. May God be with you in your mission."

Konigsburg had been bombed the night I received my instructions. That had been most convenient. I had only to pick out of the rubble the identification cards of a victim of the bombs, and use them in my trip across Europe. I did not have a travel permit, of course, but the Gestapo is no longer able to keep its former iron hand upon all the people under it, and with luck I knew that I could make the journey in comparative safety.

The RAF hit Berlin hard a few hours before my train arrived there, and the city was still in flames in many places as we passed over the hastily repaired tracks and on into the west. The rest of the trip was uneventful. I had arrived in Cherbourg just three days after my departure from my old scene of action, and had reported immediately to headquarters there.

The next three weeks I omit from this narrative, because the intervals between the acts of espionage were so long as to bore my reader. I learned that Von Bockmann was in Paris, and that he would return to Cherbourg early in Christmas week. A maid in our trust supplied a plan of his house, and planted the charge of explosive which was to end his life. Then, with every detail cared for, we settled down to wait the opportune time.

During my espionage work I have posed as a music teacher. I had set up a little studio in Cherbourg, and, being a German myself, was intrusted with the children of most of the German officers in the area. I once taught piano in the old Imperial University in Vienna, and thus for an elderly person like myself it was the most convincing blind behind which I could hide. I had arranged with the maid, Cozette, to telephone her the evening I wanted the bomb to be exploded. She was free in the evenings, and she could easily hear and reach the service phone in the lower hall. I was to speak to her presumably about the Field Marshall's daughter, to whom she was something of a governess as well as personal maid. We had agreed upon a series of innocuous phrases which were to be her signals. "She plays well," was to be the order for the explosion of the bomb. Cozette would see to that once she got the message. She had reasons to hate the Boche which she never disclosed, but they were good reasons. I could depend on her to do her work well.

Adolf Hitler visited Cherbourg on Christmas day, for the purpose of inspecting the defense fortifications. There was a review and a reception, and Marshall Von Bockmann was not home until after midnight. In my little studio that night all was quiet. The only sound came from upstairs, where my landlady played her piano. She was a dazed little woman who had lost her husband in the Maginot Line, and she played incessantly, the same sad pieces over, and over, and over, to lessen the pain of her loneliness. The notes were floating through the halls and stealing through the rooms like the sadness of death itself. It put me in an appropriate mood for my task.

The phone rang. It was operative seven, across the street from the theater where the Germans were holding their reception. He reported that the Marshall's car had just left. He should be home within five minutes.

At such moments one does not think. One is calm and collected, but he moves with machine-like precision, not with the human expression of a normal person. I stood for a moment in the silence scarcely breathing, and then, with a sudden resolute action, I dialed the number of the service telephone in the home of Field Marshall Karl Von Bockmann.

"I do not think I would do that," said a voice. The receiver fell from my hand. I heard it clatter on the glass table top. "No, I am quite sure I would not do that." Gasping, I whirled around. In the door stood three officers of the German Secret State Police.

For a moment my reason staggered. The skull and crossbones on the captain's cap seemed to break into a fiendish leer. The huge ugly pistol smirked at me. "This is the moment we of the underground fear . . . this is the moment that haunts us in the night."

I was trying to think, anything, which could start my mind to moving again. "This is the moment that chills us in the day time. This is. . . ."

"Did you really think that you could outwit the Gestapo? Did you think that you could live in treason against the Reich forever and never be found out? Did you think that you could betray your Fatherland indefinitely and escape detection? You were a stupid man, Herr Instructor of Music. Let us see where your stupidity gets you."

The telephone receiver slid over the edge of the table. It swung back and forth like a man hanging from a gallows. "Give me a moment to think, to collect my wits, to breathe," I gasped.

His steel-edged answer cut the air like a whip. "Those who work against Germany deserve no breath."

In an act of hopeless desperation I threw open the casement window. He threatened me with the pistol as I did so, apparently thinking that I was looking for an avenue of escape. Then he realized that I was merely taking a last look at the city before me in the dim black-out lights, and stood back quietly like some fearful statue, waiting.

Outside was the quiet of the night. From the waterfront came the sounds of many ships straining at their moorings. A truck grumbled past in the street, its dimmed headlights flickering from curb and from wall to wall. Upstairs the old woman, ignorant of the drama unfolding below her, played her piano.

"We investigated her quite carefully at first," the captain told me. "We wondered if she was an affiliate of yours."

"I assure you," I answered, "that she has had no connection . . ."

"We are aware of that."

At that instant she came to the end of her piece, and restlessly began a new one. As the first notes of it came in on the cold winter air, the officer turned suddenly and walked slowly to the table where the telephone hung. He had reached to replace it when he all at once straightened up and started gazing off into space as if trying for a minute to live once more in the long ago.

"Ach," he said softly, "that is what mother played so often. Father and Gertha and I used to sing it. It is strange that the old woman's playing it should affect me so. She plays well, but all the same . . ."

Suddenly he galvanized into action. "Enough time is wasted. Come along, you."

As they led me from the apartment, there was a rumbling explosion through Cherbourg.

Later in the prison, Cozette, whom they arrested that night, told me that what she had heard over the receiver in Bockmann's hall puzzled her greatly at first. But he had been standing directly over the swinging receiver when he said his last sentence. And Cozette mistook his voice for mine.

I, of course, shall die. They had been compiling evidence against me for weeks. It was only a love of the dramatic that made them delay my arrest until the very night of our plot's consummation. Perhaps the assumed identity of the man killed in the raid back in Konigsberg was the slip. That I shall never know. But I shall know as I feel the cool stones of the wall at my back, and the rifles in front of me snap to attention, that Karl Von Bockmann will never plan another fortress for Nazi Germany.

And I shall therefore not have died in vain.

—Dean Lambert

Doing homage to extra-
curricular organizations
we bow to hard work and
play . . .





Pi Alpha . . .

Audrey Singleton, Wini Rodgers, Margaret Jessup, Mr. Refo, Kendric Smith, Brigitte Auerbach, Margarilla Branham, Jacqueline Aiken, Jean Harris, Mr. Hull, Poagie Eversole, Susan Cochran, Pat Morton, Lois Bassett, Margaret Callison, Mary Elizabeth Jones, Madine Kitchens.

If interests and grades jive we can belong to honor societies.

Pi Gamma Mu . . .

Sho Oniki, Margarilla Branham, Eloise Sparks, Dr. Hardin, Virginia Bates, Dr. Parks, Annie Queen, Dean Weidler.



Education Club . . .

Lillian Abney, Libby Alexander, Sara Nell Dill, Argie Miller, Olga Smith, Elizabeth Stafford, Mrs. Chidester, Juanita Hatten, Mr. Chidester, Virgie Mahaffey.



Fire Department . . .

Reedus Back, Lilly Cornett, Oskar Davidson, Robert Gammon, G. C. Miller, H. A. Porter, Don Singleton, Carl Sword, Robert Walloce and always, Chief.

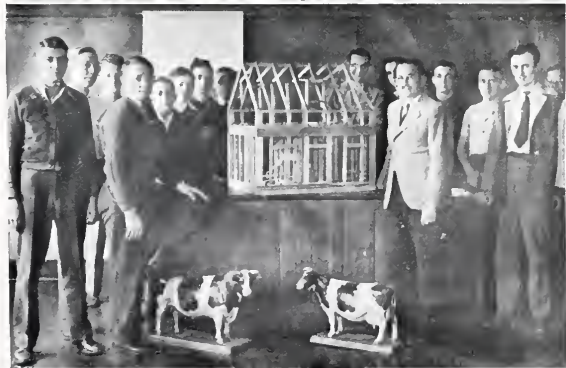


Take your choice . . . chase fires, bake cakes, or raise cows.



Home Ec Club . . .

Discussions of good grooming, fashion shows, home decoration . . . all the lore of home ec majors.



Ag Union

Donald Lee, Frederick Kirsch, William Norton, Ormand Williams, Reedus Back, James Boyes, Harry Bailey, Jock Buchanan, Lilly Cornett, Dano Horlow, Steele Mattingly, Ohlen Wilson.



Board of Governors . . .

Irene Hillman, William Norton, Frances Nunley, Margaret Armbrister, Charles Snyder, Ellabeth Morgan, Leon Wesley, Frederick Kirsch, Sho Oniki, Margaret Ann Graham, Miss Ludlum, Dr. Ross.

Lower Division Senate . . .

G. C. Miller, Roberta Lake, Mr. Sattler, Wanda Eskew, Guindola Johnson, Dean Shutt, Mr. Hull, Ernest Venable, Cecil Jones, Robert Dodd, Patricia Justice, Dana Harlow, Dorothy Tredennick, Betty Jean Morgan, Kendrick Smith, Dean True.



Upper Division Senate . . .

Frank Edwards, Sho Oniki, William Norton, Annie Queen, Ruth Slusher, Dean Allen, Beulah Harper, Dean Smith, Mary Elizabeth Beaty, Eugene Stollings, Dr. Bangson, Eloise Sparks, Margaret Armbrister, Ormand Williams, Melvin Cassady.



It's up to us to make democracy real. Freedom for living means more and more as college and war mingle. Conscious of the conflicts that are changing our world, we have thought through many meetings for student government...The struggle is never complete, for each new campus generation continues where we are leaving off.



Upper Division Women's

Association . . .

Luella Price, Velda Holder, Dean Allen, Evelyn Hibbard, Geneva Matlock, Elizabeth Fearing, Miss Aspnes, Ellis Mays, Agnes Ratcliff, Margaret Armbrister, Marguerite Imrie, Ozella Hurst, Mary Elizabeth Beaty.



Vanguards . . .

Leah Leibowitz, Margaret Gabbard, Dixon Bailey, Louise Yaung, Poagie Eversole, Brigitte Auerbach, Esther Wertheimer, Susan Cochran, Esther Vodala, Mr. Feaver, Dr. Rass.



Filling its program with serious work and recreation, the Y. M. C. A. remembers that living needs a purpose.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet . . .

Sam Scruggs, Lewis Bell, William Norton, Robert Shemwell, Louis McCord, Eugene Stollings, Frank Edwards, Reuben Hunter, George Fillmore, Dixon Bailey, Paul Williamson, Sho Oniki, Charles Strong.



Y. M. Membership Group





In meditation or in discussion Thursday Y. W. meetings symbolize the larger horizons that fellowship opens.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet . . .

M a r g a r e t Armbrister, Naomi Chafin, Aline Goodwin, Joanne Rowe, Imogene Thomas, Mary Elizabeth Beaty, Nancy Hess, Louise Young, Jennie Westlake, Miss Macaulay, Buena Bailey, Tharon Musser, Sally Shimanaka, Pat Morton, Annie Queen, Aileen Lewis.



Y. W. Members





Harmonia

Hear the mixed sounds of practice that turn to harmonies.



Varsity Women's Glee Club . . .

Margaret Allison, Ellen Ayers, Mabel June Brice, Frances Finnell, Erma Lee Francis, Alice Goodell, Margaret Ann Graham, Jeanne Hardy, Laurretta Head, Anne Hensley, Betty Imrie, Marguerite Imrie, Kathleen Jett, Joyce Lockhart, Helen Monson, Eleanor Morgan Hunt, Betty Lou Patrick, Betty Powers, Esther Spence, Karen Taylor, Ruth Wesley, Jennie Westlake, Frances Zicafoose, Bob Carolyn Coyle, accompanist.



Country Dancers . . .

**Intricate figures . . .
wheels and turns . . . wind
and unwind.**

Nimble feet and facile pens . . . festivals and publications.



Twenty Writers . . .

Virginia Mitchener, Dr. Weekes,
Ruth Steinberg, Eileen Barnawell,
Dean Lambert, Roberta Lake,
Dorothy Tredennick, Jerry
Crouch, Noreen Smith, Louise
Young.



Wallpaper Staff . . .

Margaret Gabbard, Richard
Griffith, Velda Holder, Ona Lee
Jackson, Helen Pulver, Aileen
Lewis, Paul Weyrauch, Noreen
Smith, Jerry Crouch, Ruth Stein-
berg, Art Levy, Leah Leibowitz,
Robert Shemwell, Roberta Lake,
Eileen Barnawell.

At the Little Theater . . .

Excellence in acting and stagecraft are recognized by the dramatics honorary societies . . . but work doesn't end with membership . . . give a hammer here and smooth a line there.



Alpha Psi Omega . . .

Buena Bailey, Ruth Schell.

Tau Delta Tau . . .

Buena Bailey, Tharon Musser,
Ruth Schell.



The curtain goes up at 6:35 . . . Berea Players on the stage and in the audience are poised for another Tuesday night production . . . force or melodrama, comedy or tragedy.



In the mysterious Land of Backstage there's much activity. Sets to build; Costumes to devise; make-up to apply; mistakes to laugh at and correct. Hectic scrambles before the whisper, "Lights! Curtains!" Before the major shows . . . **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST** and **ANGEL STREET**.



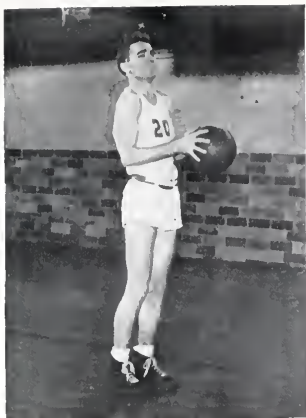
**Head Basketball Coach . . .
Chief Specialist Alvin Sutton**

Chief Sutton inherited the basketball coaching post when he came to Berea and did a remarkable job with the material available.

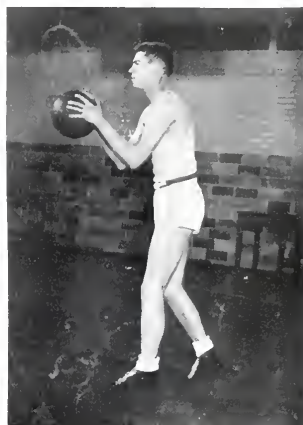
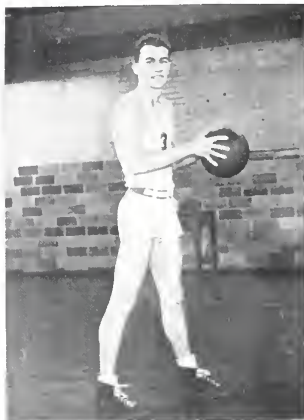


Basketball Squad . . .

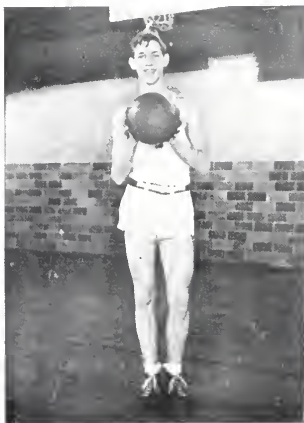
Dick Glennon, Roy Brun, Ed Lewis, Bob Lindsey, Marvin Cave, Al Stanczyk, Howard Lusk, Bob McCarthy, Ted Faas, Mitchell Mankasa, T. A. Swope, Harold Snider, Francis Tierney, Bob Howard, Larry Marchal.



Berea did not have a successful season in basketball so far as the won and lost column was concerned. However, the team played hard in every game and never failed to put up a good fight. Bob Lindsey was elected honorary captain for the season.



- B.C. 51 Alumni 43
- B.C. 35 Godman Field 37
- B.C. 32 Kentucky 56
- B.C. 47 Eastern 56
- B.C. 23 Milligan 32
- B.C. 51 Carson-Newman 40
- B.C. 40 Morehead 58
- B.C. 43 Louisville 75
- B.C. 33 Western Ky. 57
- B.C. 39 Murray 54
- B.C. 56 Eastern 60
- B.C. 53 Morehead 76



Yea Blue! Yea White!
 Come on team, let's fight.
 Yea White! Yea Blue!
 Come on team, shoot 'em through!

HELEN MONSON
LOUISE YOUNG
CO-EDITORS

FRANCES NUNLEY
BUSINESS MANAGER

The Chimes

Publishing the '45 CHIMES has been a project of onswering many questions. Who will take pictures? Can we get films and flashbulbs? What kind of paper can we order? Taking a deep breath, we plunged. We found Seaman Dave Mulvey and his camera and Joyce Hardin. The threesome snapped pictures furiously, and we met the deadlines. Without them there would have been no CHIMES. Miss Crabbe and Mr. Welsh we thank for their pictures of the faculty, whose appointments Buena Bailey made. Margaret Ann Graham helped with appointments for organizations. Dr. Bangson drove us to Lexington and Richmond. Dean Walters came to the rescue with experienced advice, equipment, and photographs.

Pictures in hand, Peggy Jessup, Jennie Westlake, and Morgaret Callison cut and mounted them to fit patterns suggested by art editor Argie Miller. In Draper, where copy and the dummy took final shape, we were made comfortable by Dean Shutt, who likes to have people working in his "house."

Copywriters Lillian Salisbury, Ruth Schell, Dot Tredennick, Roberta Lake, and Speck chewed pens and pencils and filled our pages. At typewriters, Velda Holder, Marie Highfiel, Peggy Imrie, and Ruth Law batted copy into form. Gladys Kinley Blackburn planned the literary section. Gene Thomas chipped in with the rest of us for copyreading.

Subscriptions were handled by Wini Rodgers and Yvonne Covilli. Frances Nunley and Tharon Musser wrote the letters that brought in ads. The business corps operated with smooth efficiency.

The CHIMES faculty committee—Dean Smith, Dean Weidler, Mr. Kovanough, and Dean Walters—supervised our work.

We'd have to tie up dozens of orchid bouquets to thank the many people who gave many hours and thoughts to the CHIMES.

The Co-Editors



BIOGRAPHIES, UD SENIORS

- ABNEY, LILLIAN—Berea Players 1,2; YWCA 1,2,3,4; CE 1,2; Education Club 3,4; Psychology Club 4.
- AIKEN, E. JACQUELINE—Transfer Ashville College, N. C. Home Ec Club 3,4, Treas. 4; YWCA 3,4; Pi Alpha 3,4; Berea Players 3.
- ALEXANDER, LIBBY — Transfer Gardner-Webb College, N. C. Berea Players 3,4; Education Club 3,4; YWCA 3,4; BSU 3,4, Council 4; Outlying Rural Work 4.
- ALLISON, BETTE JEAN—Transfer Mars Hill College, N. C. YWCA 3,4; Home Ec Club 3,4; Council of UD Women's Association 3; Berea Players 3.
- ALLISON, MARGARET—Varsity Women's Glee Club 2,3,4; Harmonia 2,4; Union Church Choir 2; Berea Players 1,2,4; YWCA 1.
- ARMBRISTER, MARGARET—Berea Players 1,2,3; Board of Governors 3,4; UD Social Chairman 3; Harmonia 1,2; Home Ec Club 3,4; YWCA 1,2,3,4, Cabinet 3,4; UD Association of Women, Pres. 4; UD Senate 4; WAA 1,2; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- AYERS, M. ELLEN—Country Dancers 1,2,4, Pres. 2; Union Church Choir 2,3; Varsity Women's Glee Club 2,3,4; Basketball 2; Berea Players 4.
- BAILEY, BUENA ELLEN—Berea Players 2,3,4, Vice-Pres. 3,4; Harmonia 1; Basketball 1,2; Band 2; French Club 3,4; Alpha Psi Omega 3,4, Pres. 4; Tau Delta Tau 3,4, Sec. 4; YWCA 1,4, Cabinet 4; Chimes Staff 4; Wallpaper Staff 3.
- BATES, MARY VIRGINIA—Band 1,2,3,4; Orchestra 1,2,3,4; Spanish Club 1; Harmonia 3,4; Basketball 1; Berea Players 2; YWCA 1,2; Pi Gamma Mu 4.
- BEATY, MARY ELIZABETH—Photography Club 1; Berea Players 1; Harmonia 1,3,4; YWCA 1,2,3,4, Cabinet 3,4; UD Senate 3,4; Council of UD Women's Association 4; Psychology Club 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- BISHOP, JESSIE—CE 1,2,4; YWCA 3,4, Cabinet 3; Berea Players 4.
- BLACKBURN, GLADYS KINLEY—Berea Players 1,2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; YWCA 1,2,3; WAA 1,2,3,4, Publicity Manager 3; Life-saving 2, Instructor 2; Chimes Literary Editor 4; Outing Club 1,2; Modern Dance 1,2.
- BRANDENBURG, MIRIAM — Harmonia 1,2; YWCA 2,3,4; Council of UD Women's Association 3; BSU 1,2,3,4, Council 3,4; Berea Players 4.
- BRICE, MABEL JUNE—Harmonia 1,3,4; Danforth Chapel Choir 1,2; Varsity Women's Glee Club 2,3,4; YWCA 1; Berea Players 2.
- BROWN, EFFIE—Life Service 4.
- BRUMLEY, POLLYANN—Berea Players 1; YWCA 1; PAF 3,4; Pan American League 3; French Club 2,4.
- BUCHANAN, CLARIBEL B.—Home Ec Club 3,4; Harmonia 3,4; PAF 4; YWCA 1,2,3,4; Photography Club 1,2.
- CADY, MARY LOUISE—Transfer Hanover College, Ind. Union Church Choir 3,4; Basketball 3; PAF 4; Harmonia 3,4; Berea Players 3,4.
- CALLISON, MARGARET—German Club 1; PAF 1; Basketball 1,3; YWCA 1,2; Harmonia 2,3,4; Class Treas. 3; Pi Alpha 3,4; CE 3; Berea Players 4.
- CAMPBELL, MARIAN—YWCA 1; French Club 1; Harmonia 2; Danforth Chapel Choir 2; Chairman Project Committee 2; Berea Players 3,4.
- CASSADY, MELVIN — Transfer Potomac State School, W. Va. YMCA 3,4; Council of UD Men's Association, Sec. 3; Photography Club, Pres. 3; Berea Players 3,4.
- CHADWELL, GLADYS — Transfer Cumberland College and Eastern Kentucky State Teachers' College, Ky. Berea Players 3,4; Education Club 3,4; PAF 4; YWCA 4; Wallpaper Staff 4; Council of UD Women's Association 3.
- CHAFIN, NAOMI—Bird Club 4; Berea Players 1,2; YWCA 3,4; CE 1,2; FOR 3,4; Home Ec Club 3; Harmonia 1,3; Chimes Staff 3.

- COATES ANN—Orchestra 1,2,3; Harmonia 3; Home Ec Club 3,4, Treas 3, Sec. 4.
- COCHRAN, SUSAN — Class Treas. 1; Danforth Chapel Choir 1; Pan American League 1; French Club 1; YWCA 1,3; Union Church Choir 2; PAF 2,3,4; Bird Club 2; Varsity Women's Glee Club 3; Vanguards 3,4, Pres. 4; Pi Alpha 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- COLEMAN, MRS. VIRGINIA—Rural Life Club 1,2; Harmonia 1,2,3; Folk Club 1,2,3; WAA 1,2,3; YWCA 3,4; Life Service 4; PAF 4; Berea Players 4; LD Glee Club.
- COVILLI, YVONNE — Berea Players 1,2,3,4; YWCA 1,2,3,4; Pan American League 3,4, Vice-Pres. 4; Chimes Staff 3,4; Class Sec. 3; PAF 4.
- DE BRUHL, MARGARET—Transfer Ashville College N.C. YWCA 3,4; Photography Club 3,4, Sec.-Treas. 4; Home Ec Club 3,4; Vanguards 4.
- DILL, SARA NELL—Transfer Gardner Webb College, N. C. Berea Players 3,4; Education Club 3,4; YWCA 3,4; BSU 3,4, Council 4.
- ELKINS, WILMA PIGMAN—Berea Players 2; WAA 1,2,3,4; PAF 4; Pan American League 4; YWCA 2.
- ENGLAND, LILLIAN—Transfer Mars-Hill College, N. C. Basketball 3,4; Berea Players 3; Franch Club 3,4; YWCA 3,4.
- EVANS, FRANCES—Berea Players 1,2,4; Basketball 2; PAF 3,4; Pan American League 3,4, Pres. 4.
- EVERSOLE, POAGIE—Union Church Choir 1,2; YWCA 1,2; Harmonia 1; Vanguards 4; Pi Alpha 4, Sec. 4.
- FARMER, ZURIA MAE—Berea Players 1,2,4; CE 1,2,3, Vice-Pres. 4, Sec. 3; Pan American League 4, Chairman Program Committee 4; PAF 1,4; Wallpaper Staff 3.
- FORD, SALLY JEANETTE—Harmonia 1,2,3,4; Band 1,2,3; LD Glee Club 1; YWCA 1,2,3; MYF 3,4; Pan American League 2.
- FULK, ALICE JEAN — Transfer Potomac State School, W. Va. Home Ec Club 3,4, Sec. 3; YWCA 3,4.
- FULLER, NOVELLA—Outing Club 1,2,3; Basketball 1,2,3; WAA 2,3; YWCA 1,4; PAF 3,4.
- GIVENS, EVELYN—Berea Players 1,2,3,4; YWCA 1,2; Outing Club 1,2,3; PAF 2,3,4; Home Ec Club 3,4.
- GOODE, FERN—Transfer Gardner-Webb College, N. C.; YWCA 3,4; BSU 3,4; Berea Players 3,4; French Club 3,4; Outlying Sunday School Work 4.
- GOODELL, ALICE—Berea Players 1,2,4; Harmonia 1; Pan American League 1,2,3, Vice-Pres 3; YWCA 1; Union Church Choir 2,3,4; Varsity Women's Glee Club 2,3,4.
- GUFFEY, MARY—Ag-Home Ec Club 3; Home Ec Club 3,4; Berea Players 4; PAF 4.
- HATTEN, JUANITA ELIZABETH—YWCA 1,2,3, 4; Education Club 4, Vice-Pres. 4.
- HEAD, LAURETTA—Harmonia 1; Union Church Choir 2,3; Home Ec Club 3; Varsity Women's Glee Club 3,4.
- HIGHFIEL, MARIE CHARLES—Berea Players 1,2; Union Church Choir 1; French Club 4; Harmonia 4; YWCA 1,2.
- HOLMES, LUCILLE—YWCA 1,2,3,4; Berea Players 1,2; CE 1; MYF 3,4; Home Ec Club 4.
- IMRIE, MARGUERITE—Varsity Women's Glee Club 1,2,3,4, Pres. 4; Berea Players 1; Danforth Chapel Choir 1,2; Orchestra 1,2,3; Co-Chairman Social Committee 3; YWCA 1; WAA Board 2; Lifesaving 2; Modren Dance 2; Council of UD Women's Association 4; Harmonia 1.
- JAMES, JEANNIE—Transfer Ashville College, N. C. YWCA 3,4; Vanguards 4, Publicity Chairman 4; Country Dancers 3,4; Home Ec Club 3,4; Berea Players 3.
- JESSUP, MARGARET—LD Glee Club 1; YWCA 1,2; Pi Alpha 2,3,4, Pres. 4; Board of Governors 3; Berea Players 2,3,4; Class Vice-Pres. 4.
- KEENER, CAROLYN—Band 1,2,3; Orchestra 1, 2,3,4; Berea Players 1,2, Music Chairman 2; CE 1,2,3,4, Vice-Pres. 2, Pres. 3; Pi Gamma Mu 4; Union Church Assistant Organist 2,3,4; Varsity Women's Glee Club Accompanist 2,3.

- KING, BETTY JEAN—Berea Players 1,2; German Club 1; Basketball 1; Sigma Pi Sigma 3,4, Pres. 3, Sec. 4.
- KIRSCH, FREDERICK WILLIAM—Ag Union 1,2, 3,4, Treas. 3; Board of Governors 3,4; UD Chapel Committee 4.
- KITCHENS, MODINE—Transfer Brevard College, N. C. Prayer Group 3; Life Saving 3; YWCA 3,4; WAA 3; Berea Players 4; Pi Alpha 4; Bird Club 4.
- LAMBERT, DOROTHY—Transfer Sue Bennett College, Ky. YWCA 3,4.
- LAW, RUTH—Berea Players 1,2,4; Union Church Choir 1; CE 1,2; Harmonia 4; Home Ec Club 3,4; Chimes Staff 4.
- LEGARE, VIRGINIA BEGLEY—YWCA 1; Union Church Choir 1; Folk Club 3.
- LEIBOWITZ, LEAH—Transfer Hunter College, N. Y. Vanguards 4; Berea Players 3; Wallpaper, Business Editor and Circulation Manager 4; PAF 3,4.
- McCLUER, MARY BETH—Transfer State Teachers' College, Ala. Berea Players 3,4; YWCA 3; Band 4;
- McCORD, LOUIS A.—Class Pres. 1,2; YMCA 1,2, 3,4, Vice-Pres. 1,2,4, Cabinet 3; Vanguards 1; BSU 1,2,3,4, Pres. 1,3,4; Prayer Group 1,2,3,4, Leader 3,4; PAF 4; Life Service 4.
- MAHAFFEY, VIRGIE—Transfer Ashville College, N. C. Berea Players 3; YWCA 3,4; PAF 4; Education Club 3,4, Pres. 4.
- MAYS, ELLIS—YWCA 1,3; Rural Life Club 1,2; Westervelt Shop 2; WAA 1,2; Education Club 3,4; Council of UD Women's Association 4.
- MILLER, ARGIE—Berea Players 1,2; Pan American League 3, Sec.-Treas. 3; PAF 3; Band 1,2,3,4; Orchestra 3; Harmonia 4; Education Club 4; YWCA 1; CE 2; Wallpaper Staff 3; Chimes Staff 3,4, Art Editor 4.
- MITCHELL, MARY—Union Church Choir 2; Latin Society; Varsity Women's Glee Club 2; French Club 2,3,4, Pres. 3; Berea Players 4.
- MONSON, HELEN — Transfer Florida Southern College, Fla. YWCA 2,3,4, Cabinet 2,3; Berea Players 2,3,4; Varsity Women's Glee Club 2,3,4; Class Vice-Pres. 3; Chimes Staff 3,4, Co-Editor 4; Basketball 2,4; Psychology Club 4; Westervelt 2,3; Lifesaving 2.
- MORGAN, ELLABETH—Transfer Florida Southern College, Fla. YWCA 3,4, Pres. 4; MSM 3,4; Berea Players 3; UD Senate 4; Board of Governors 4; Outlying Sunday School Work 3,4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- MULLINS, ANNA LEE SYKES—YWCA 4; Berea Players 1; Basketball 4; PAF 1.
- NEW, JUANITA CHRYSTINE—PAF 1; LD Glee Club 1; Harmonia 2,3; Bird Club 2,3; Pi Alpha 3,4; Education Club 4; WAA 3,4; Basketball 3,4; YWCA 1.
- NUNLEY, FRANCES—YWCA 1,2,3; Class Sec. 1; Berea Players 1,2,3,4, Chairman Membership Committee 4; Chimes Staff 2,3,4, Circulation Manager 2, Assistant Business Manager 3, Business Manager 4; Board of Governors, Sec. 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- ONIKI, SHOZI—Transfer University of California. Life Service 3,4, Pres. 4; YMCA 3,4, Cabinet 4; Board of Governors, Pres. 4; UD Men's Association, Vice-Pres. 4; Pres. Pearson's Hall Council 4; Berea Players 3,4; Vanguards 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- POPENHAGEN, FRIEDA—Band 1,2,3,4; Orchestra 1,2,3,4; Union Church Choir 1,2,3,4; YWCA 1; CE 2,3,4, Chairman Publicity Committee 3; Harmonia, Sec. 2,3,4.
- PEACE, DORA NAN—BSU 1,2,3,4, Treas. 2; Berea Players 4; CE 1,2; French Club 2,3,4, Sec., Publicity Chairman 3,4; Pan American League 2; YWCA 2,3,4; Life Service 3,4, Sec. 3.
- PENNINGTON, DELMAS BRYSON—YMCA 1,2, 3,4; Berea Players 3; Folk Club 2; Rover Scouts 1,2; Pi Alpha 2,3,4; Sigma Pi Sigma, Vice-Pres. 4; Board of Governors, Treas. 3.
- PIGMAN, PAULINE—Transfer Caney Junior College, Ky. Home Ec Club 3,4, Vice-Pres. 4; Band 3,4; Union Church Choir 4; YWCA 3,4.

- PRATT, ELOISE THOMPSON—Berea Players 1,2; Pi Gamma Mu 2; Education Club 4; YWCA 1,2.
- PRICE, LUELLA — PAF 1,2,3; Pan American League 2,3; CE 1; YWCA 1; Berea Players 4; Council of UD Women's Association 4.
- QUEEN, ANNIE—BSU 1,2,3,4, Council 1,2,3,4; Vice-Pres. 2,3; Life Service 3,4; PAF 2, 3,4; Prayer Group 1,2,3,4, Pi Gamma Mu 4; UD Senate 4; YWCA 1,2,3,4, Cabinet 2,3, Pres. 4; Vanguards 1,2; Rural Life Club 1; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- RODGERS, WINIFRED — Berea Players 1,2,3,4, Group Chairman 3, Pres. 4; LD Senate 1,2; LD Social Committee 1,2; Modern Dance 2; Wallpaper Staff 3, Feature Editor 3; Class Pres. 3; Chimes Staff 3,4, Circulation Manager 4; Pi Alpha 4; Inter-School Social Committee 3; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- ROWE, KATHLEEN—YWCA 1,2; Pan American League 3,4; PAF 4; Berea Players 1,2,4; Royal Collegians 1.
- SALISBURY, LILLIAN—YWCA 1,2,3; French Club 1,2; Bird Club 1; Berea Players 3,4; PAF 4.
- SEWELL, HAZEL—YWCA 1,2,3; Berea Players 2,3,4; French Club 2.
- SHELTON, JESSE—YMCA 1,2,3,4, Pres. 4; PAF 1,2,3; Berea Players 4.
- SHERMAN, EULENE—Harmonia 1,2; Band 1; Berea Players ; YWCA 1,4; Home Ec Club 3,4; Chimes Staff 3; Bird Club 2,3,4.
- SHUPE, MARYANNA—CE 1,2,3, Treas. 3; YWCA 3,4,5; Berea Players 3,4,5; Harmonia 1,2,5; Ag-Home Ec Club 3; Home Ec Club 4,5; PAF 4; Outlying Work 2,3,4.
- SHUTT, VAE—Transfer College of Wooster, Ohio. CE 2,3,4, Vice-Pres. 3; Pi Alpha 3,4, Sec. 3; Berea Players 4; Twenty Writers 2,3, Vice-Pres. 2; Pan American League 2; Union Church Choir 4; LD Chorus 2.
- SINGLETON, AUDREY—CE 1; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Berea Players 3,4; Pi Alpha 2,3,4, Vice-Pres. 4; PAF 4; Class Sec. 4; Harmonia 4.
- SINGLETON, DON W. — YMCA 1,2,3,4; Berea Players 1,2; Pi Alpha 3,4; Associate Member Sigma Pi Sigma 3,4; Alpha Zeta 1,2,3, Sec. 1,2, Pres. 3; Varsity Tennis 2,3,4, Capt. 4; Class Pres. 4.
- SLUSHER, SARA—YWCA 1,2; Berea Players 1,2,4; PAF 2,4; Harmonia 4.
- SMITH, HELEN—Transfer East Carolina Teachers' College, N. C. Home Ec Club 3,4, Reporter 3; YWCA 3,4; Chairman Social Committee 4.
- SPARKS, ELOISE—Berea Players 1,3,4; PAF 2,3,4; YWCA 1,2,3,4; Pi Gamma Mu 4; Pan American League 3,4; UD Senate 4.
- STAFFORD, ELIZABETH—Berea Players 2; YWCA 2; WAA 1,2,3,4; Education Club 4; Sec.-Treas. 4.
- STOLLINGS, CLIFFORD EUGENE—YMCA 1,2,3,4, Sec. 2; Outlying Work 4; Life Service, Vice-Pres. 3; UD Senate, Pres. 4; Class Treas. 4; UD Men's Association Sec.-Treas. 4.
- TAYLOR, KAREN—Berea Players 2,3,4, Chairman Epsilon Group 3; YWCA 2,3; Union Church Choir 2,3; Harmonia 2,3,4; Varsity Women's Glee Club 2,3,4.
- THOMAS, IMOGENE—YWCA 2,4, Cabinet 4; Vanguards 2; Basketball 1,3,4; Berea Players 1,3,4; BSU 2,3,4, Council 3,4; Life Service 4; PAF 4; Chimes Staff 4; Prayer Group 3,4.
- TURNER, EULA MAE—PAF 1,2; CE 1,2,4; WAA 1; YWCA 3,4; Home Ec Club 3,4.
- VANCE, ERMA ELOISE—Berea Players 1,2,4; YWCA 1,2,3; Harmonia 4; Pan American League 4.
- VANDIVER, JEAN—Berea Players 1,2; Home Ec Club 3,4; Council of UD Women's Association, Sec. 3; Chairman Project Committee 4; Chairman Student-Faculty Building Committee 3,4; YWCA 1.
- VODOLA, ESTHER—PAF 2,3,4, Sec.-Treas. 4; Vanguards 2,3,4, Vice-Pres. 4; Union Church Choir 2,3; Wallpaper Staff 3; Pan American League 3; Class Pres. 4; Berea Players 2,3,4; YWCA 1,2,3,4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

- WAGER, MARY ALLEN—Berea Players 1,2,3,4; PAF 2,3,4; YWCA 1,2,3,4; Pan-American League 3,4.
- WALLACE, INEZ—French Club; Berea Players 3; Home Ec Club 3,4.
- WERTHEIMER, ESTHER—Transfer Brooklyn College and New York University, N. Y. PAF 3,4, Vice-Pres. 4; Vanguards 3,4, Publicity Chairman 4; Chapel Program Committee 4.
- WESLEY, RUTH—YWCA 1; Union Church Choir 1; Varsity Women's Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Band 1,2,3; Orchestra 3.
- WESTLAKE, JENNIE—Transfer Alderson-Broadus, W. Va. YWCA 2,3,4, Cabinet 3,4; Varsity Women's Glee Club 3,4, Sec.-Treas. 4; Berea Players 4, Music Chairman 4.
- WILLIAMSON, PAUL—Transfer Pikeville Junior College, Ky.; YMCA 3,4, Cabinet 4.
- YOUNG, LOUISE—YWCA 1,2,3,4, Sec. 2, Pres. 3; PAF 1,2; Twenty Writers 2,3,4, Vice-Pres. 3; Harmonia 2,3,4; Berea Players 4; Chimes Co-Editor 4; UD Senate 3; Vanguards 4; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.
- ZICAFOOSE, FRANCES — Varsity Women's Glee Club 1,2,3,4, Business Manager 4; Harmonia 1,3,4; Union Church Choir, Sec. 3.
- BOGGS, CHARLES LEO—Basketball 4; YMCA 4.
- BREAZEALE, WAYNE—YMCA 3,4.
- BURNETT, HELEN—Basketball 4.
- CAMPBELL, MARY ELIZABETH—
- CHADWELL, MAXINE—YWCA 4; Berea Players 4.
- CHURCHILL, PEGGY—Union Church Choir 3,4; Harmonia 3,4; LD Senate 3,4, Sec. 4.
- COFIELD, FLORA—Rural Life Club 3; YWCA 4.
- COLLINS, PATRICIA—YWCA 3,4; Berea Players 3; Rural Life Club 3.
- COOK, EDWARD—YMCA 3,4; Basketball 4.
- CROUCH, WILLIAM J.—Twenty Writers 3,4; YMCA 3,4; Berea Players 3; Wallpaper Staff 3.
- DODD, ROBERT BENEDICT—Swimming 1; LD Senate 3,4; YMCA 3,4; Boy Scouts 1,2,3,4; Forensics 3.
- GATEWOOD, MAX—Glee Club 2; Band 2; Basketball 2,3,4; YMCA 4; Berea Players 4.
- GRAHAM, GENEVIEVE—Union Church Choir 3,4; Country Dancers 2,3,4; Harmonia 3,4; Class Sec. 3; Class Treas. 4.
- GREENE, CHARLES—YMCA 3,4; Berea Players 4.
- HARDESTY, HELEN W.—Class Pres. 3; Basketball 2,3,4; Social Chairman 4; Inter-dorm Council 4.
- HAYES, JEAN—Studio Ensemble 4.
- HIBBITTS, JESSIE—Basketball 2,3,4; Berea Players 3,4; Girl Reserves 2,3; Class Sec. 3.
- HIGNITE, RUTH—YWCA 4.
- HOLROYD, DAVID—Printer's Club 1; Hi-Y Club 1; Basketball 2; Berea Players 4.
- HOMES, GORDON—Hi-Y 2; Glee Club 2; YMCA 3,4; Union Church Choir 3,4; Band 3; Track 3.
- HORTON, BETTY—Intramural Basketball 3.
- HOSKINS, JEANE—Glee Club 1,2.

BIOGRAPHIES, LD SENIORS

- ADAMS, ALISON—YMCA 3,4; Berea Players 4.
- ALLEN, RONDA—Berea Players 4; MYF 4.
- BAKER, VIOLET—Glee Club 1,2; Berea Players 4.
- BARBER, MARY—Berea Players 4; Union Church Choir 4; Studio Ensemble 4.
- BARKER, JAMES—YMCA 3; Intramural Basketball 4; Alpha Zeta 3; Intramural Baseball 4.
- BARNES, ALOMA—Berea Players 3; Basketball 4.
- BEGLEY, RUTH STELLA—Basketball 4; CE 3; YWCA 3.
- BISHOP, MARGARET — Basketball 4; Union Church Choir 3; Berea Players 3; YWCA 3,4.

HUFF, BETTYE—Berea Players 3,4; LD Senate 3; YWCA 4.
 HUTCHERSON, SARAH ANN—Union Church Choir 4; Class Sec. 4.
 JENNINGS, ANN — Girl Reserves 1; Intramural Basketball 2,3,4; Berea Players 3; Rural Life Club 3.
 JOHNSON, GUINDOLA DEFERN—Girl Reserves 1; Berea Players 4; LD Senate 4.
 JOHNSON, MILDRED—YWCA 1,2,3,4; Life Service 3,4; Prayer Group 1,2,3,4; YWCA 3,4; Berea Players 3,4; PAF 4; Outlying Sunday School Work 1,2,3,4; BSU 1,2,3,4.
 JOHNSON, PEGGY ANN—
 KEENER, MARJORIE JEAN—College Orchestra 1,2,3; Harmonia 1,2,3,4; CE 1,2,3,4; Girl Reserves 1.
 KERR, BURTON — College Orchestra 1; Country Dancers 4; Berea Players 4; Union Church Choir 4.
 KEYSER, CHARLES—Methodist Church Choir 3,4; School Movie Operator 3,4; YMCA 3,4.
 KILBOURNE, HARRY—Swimming 1; Basketball 2,3,4; Class Vice-Pres. 3; Class Pres. 4.
 KING, J. RALPH—YMCA 4.
 MALLONEE, JIMMIE ANN — YWCA 3; Studio Ensemble 3,4; Union Church Choir 4; Berea Players 4.
 MARSHALL, VELMA—
 MAYNARD, JAMES—YMCA 4; Basketball 4.
 McWILLIAMS, MELBA—YWCA 3; Band 2,3,4; Berea Players 2,3,4; CE 4; Girl Reserves 2.
 MEADOWS, VIOLA—
 MILLER, G. C.—YMCA 3,4; Intramural Basketball 3,4.
 MOORE, WILLIAM TAYLOR, JR.—YMCA 3,4; Berea Players 3,4; Baseball 3; Life Service 3,4; Member CE Executive Committee 3,4; Glee Club 2; Harmonia 3,4; PAF 4; Union Church Choir 4; Intramural Sports 4.
 MULLINS, JEANETTE—Rural Life Club 3; Intramural Basketball 2,3; YWCA 3; Berea Players 3.
 NORSWORTHY, ROBERT—
 PATINO, ERNESTO—Pan-American Club 3,4; Berea Players 3,4; YMCA 3,4.
 PERKINS, CAROLYN LEE—Girl Reserves 1,2; Glee Club 1,2; Berea Players 3.
 PORTER, H. A.—Intramural Baseball 3; YMCA 3,4; Intramural Basketball 3,4.
 POUNDSTONE, ANNA JANE—Lifesaving 3; Berea Players 4.
 RAMEY, CLYDE—YMCA 2,3.
 RISLEY, SHERIDAN—Boy Scouts 2,3,4.
 ROGERS, MARTHA—Berea Players 4; YWCA 4.
 ROSE, ALVENELL—Berea Players 4; YWCA 3,4.
 SAFERIGHT, MARY GOLDEN—YWCA 3; Berea Players 4; Life Service 3; CE 3.
 SCOTT, MARY KATHLEEN—
 SEMPLE, MARGARET—Girl Reserves 2; Harmonia 3,4; YWCA 3,4; Union Church Choir 3,4; Rural Life Club 3,4.
 SHADOWEN, HERBERT—YMCA 3,4; Intramural Basketball 3,4; Intramural Baseball 3,4.
 SHUPE, GLENN LOVEL—
 SMITH, CHARLES—Hi-Y Club 1,2; Glee Club 1,2; YMCA 3,4.
 STAMPER, MINNIE—Berea Players 3,4; YWCA 3; Girl Reserves 1,2, Sec. 2.
 STEINBERG, JACK—YMCA 4; Wallpaper 4.
 STEPHENS, GEORGE—
 TAYLOR, MARGARET — Basketball 1,2; Swimming 2.
 TERRY, HAROLD L.—Basketball 4; YMCA 4.
 TREADWAY, WALTER—YMCA 4.
 WALTERS, LOUISE SHEPHERD—Rural Life Club 3.
 WARDREP, LOUISE—Berea Players 3,4; YWCA 3,4.
 WATSON, JO ANN—Berea Players 4; YWCA 3,4.
 WELSH, JOHN—Basketball 2,3,4; Boy Scouts 1,2; YMCA 3,4; Class vice-pres. 4.
 WESLEY, JOHN L. JR.—YMCA 4; Berea Players 4.
 WILLIAMS, BARNETT LEE, JR.—Band 1,2,3; Berea Players 3,4.
 WILSON, DUDLEY—YMCA 3,4; Manager of Basketball Team 4.
 WILSON, J. ALVIN—Intramural Basketball 4; Country Dancers 3,4; YMCA 3,4; Intramural Volleyball 3.
 WOODS, EARL—YMCA 4.

ALL THE LITTLE THINGS

So little time between September and June. Minutes telescope into hours, hours into days and days become kaleidoscopic memories. Chameleon hours and seasons . . . transient, but in remembrance, the essence of Berea.

Blue, blue days, sharp air, heavy mists over the mountains and the green symmetry of the garden. Dried corn, morning glories, cows and negroes on the road to Middletown. The sunny smell of hay and the musty sourness of raked leaves. Aisles of redbud and peach blossoms in a froth of color near West Pinnacle. The neatness and quiet comfort of Sunday morning service . . . the intoxication of mountain climbing and the breathless view . . . Pilot Knob in solitary grayness, and rolling hills interrupted only by the occasional glitter of a dormitory coffee and 448 trips to the Boarding Hall, providing, of course, you skip breakfast.

Black clouds, threatening rain, and wilted hair. Shimmering puddles of deceiving depth and campus personalities eclipsed by many hued umbrellas and kerchiefs by the dozen. Twin Mountain, all flame and gold and russet. A cold green sunset, blue-black mountain profiles, and damp pungent earth.

Unlimited hours of reading . . . sack lunches devoured long before it is time for supper . . . dormitory coffee and 448 trips to the boarding hall, providing, of course, you skip breakfast.

Lectures . . . in monotone and vigor. Chimes, gongs, bells . . . a life ordered by bells. Hushed whispers in the libe . . . Shrieks in the dorm . . . music and smiles. Squirrels, cardinals, dungarees and Navy blues . . . the warmth of a thousand "Hi's" and a thousand more "Hellos."

All the little things fuse together. They account for the lump in your throat at commencement . . . for the loyalty . . . and the sentiment . . . and the belief in a special lustre to the word Berea. These things will always be . . . they **are** Berea!

—Dorothy Tredennick

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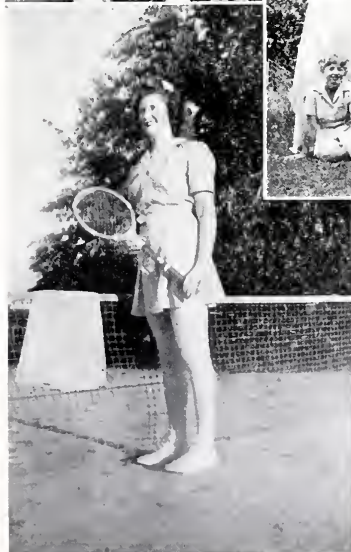
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